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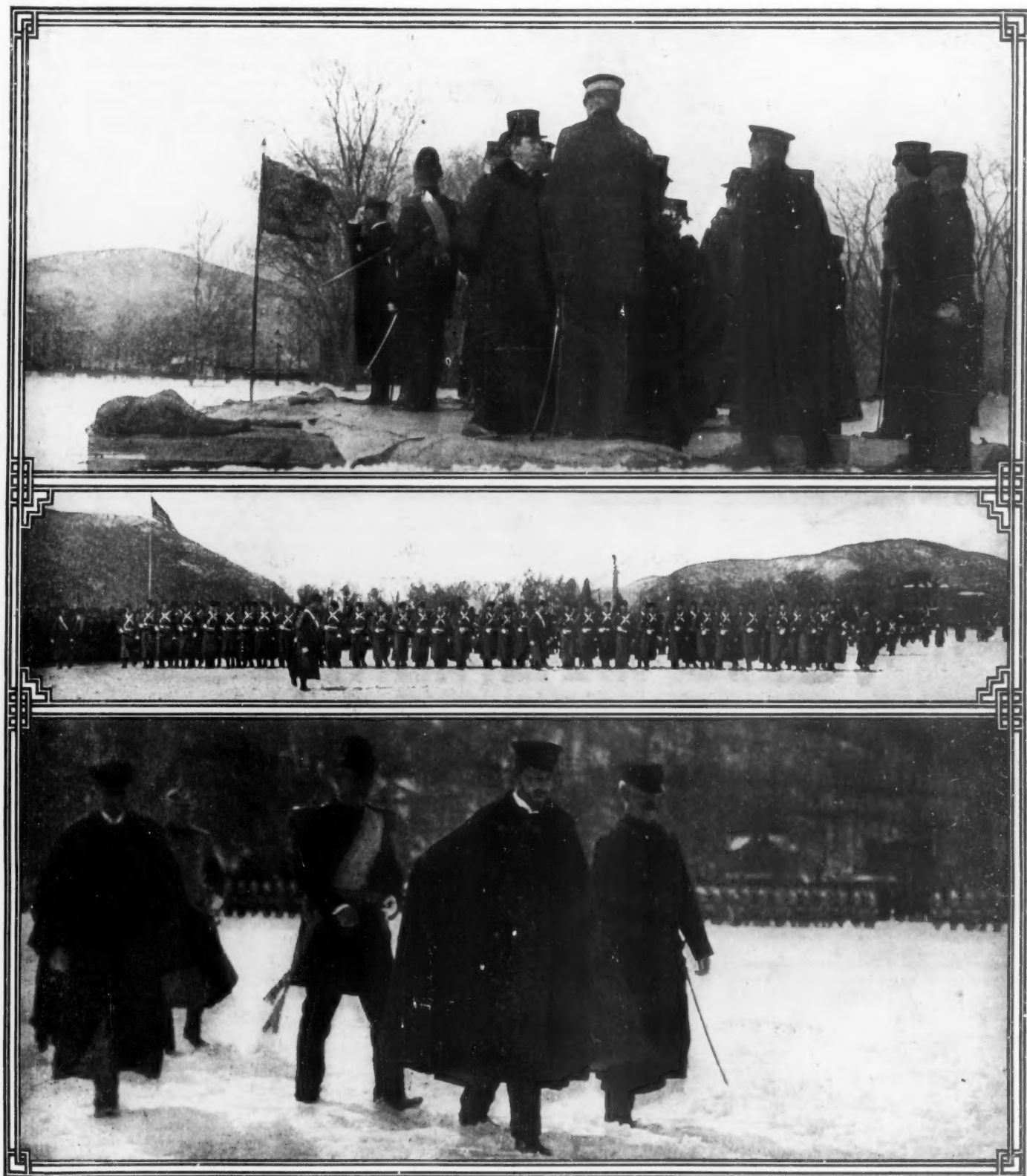
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VOL. TWENTY-EIGHT NO. 25

NEW YORK MARCH 22 1902

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The Prince salutes the Flag at West Point



The Prince inspects the Cadets at West Point and views a Parade under Difficulties

## PRINCE HENRY AT THE UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY

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"Using Williams' Shaving Soap."

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# COLLIER'S WEEKLY

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THE FEDERAL LEGISLATORS, WHETHER REPUBLICANS or Democrats, who have lately been brought in contact with Governor Taft are convinced that, in respect of ability, integrity and open-mindedness, he is eminently fitted for the post of governing the Philippines. His opinions concerning the present and ultimate relation of the United States to the archipelago, based as they are upon an innate power of insight and upon a broad experience, have come to have great weight. He has expressed the belief that, at the end of about eighteen months from the present time, a Territorial government, similar to that now enjoyed by New Mexico, might be safely conceded to the civilized Tagals in Luzon, and also to the civilized inhabitants of certain islands in the Visayan group. If we understand the Governor, there should be at least two such Territories, while, of course, the section of Luzon inhabited by the aborigines, together with certain islands in the Visayan group which the Spaniards never managed to occupy, the great island of Mindanao and the Sulu archipelago, can expect only a small measure of autonomy for many years to come. Just such distinctions were drawn in our treatment of various parts of the vast territory acquired by President Jefferson from France. The so-called Federal party in the Philippines, which, in Governor Taft's judgment, ought to be propitiated, would, no doubt, be satisfied if Territorial government were granted by instalments on the lines here indicated; that is to say, first, to the civilized Tagals and to the civilized Visayans, and, afterward, to other Filipinos, as they should show themselves qualified in some degree for self-government.

AMONG THE MEASURES PENDING BEFORE THE present Congress is one that has behind it the force of public opinion, and which, consequently, should be passed without delay. We refer to the bill providing an increase of pay for letter-carriers. It is high time that the services of these hard-working and deserving men should receive adequate recognition. Compared with the severity and continuance of the labor exacted from letter-carriers and the meagreness of the stipend at present paid to them, the lot of the average government clerk in Washington is one of idleness and luxury. To allow the bill for their relief to go over to the short and concluding session of this Congress, which ends on March 4, 1903, will be an outrage for which Representatives should be held to account when they seek re-election next November. They will be called upon to explain why they overlooked the just requirements of these humble but meritorious public servants, when they combined with the Senators so eagerly to fasten two thousand of their protégés on the pay-rolls of the Treasury by means of the Permanent Census act. If any Representative imagines that the letter-carriers have no friends, his eyes are destined to be quickly opened.

THE CROWNING HONOR RECEIVED BY PRINCE Henry of Prussia during his visit to this country was, of course, the degree of LL.D. conferred by Harvard University. Two circumstances rendered the incident unique. In the first place, the rule that such an honor shall be bestowed only at Commencement, upon a recipient then and there present, was broken in this instance. In the second place, Harvard University omitted to confer a similar distinction on two previous occasions, although there was an equal, or even a stronger, reason for doing so. When the Grandduke Alexis visited this country in 1871, his father, Alexander II., was the reigning sovereign of Russia, and the friendliness evinced by that sovereign to the United States during our great national extremity was still fresh in American remembrance. Fresh, too, was our admiration for the Czar, who had liberated by a pen-stroke forty millions of serfs. Under the circumstances one might have thought that Harvard University would deem it opportune to pay a graceful compliment to the son of one who had shown himself the nation's friend. As a matter of fact, no notice was taken of the Grandduke Alexis by the university. We pass to the second, and even more notable example of neglect to profit by an opportunity. When Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, visited the United States in the autumn of 1869, he came, not as a remote heir-presumptive, but as the actual heir apparent, to the throne of Great Britain and Ireland. Moreover, attended by the Duke of Newcastle, he went to Cambridge, where he was received by Dr. Felton, then president of the university, and entertained at a luncheon in Harvard Hall. Nevertheless, the university authorities refrained from conferring the degree of LL.D. upon the heir to the British monarchy. Why has Prince Henry of Prussia received so much better treatment at

the hands of the corporation and overseers of Harvard University than was accorded to a son of the Czar Alexander II. or to the eldest son of Queen Victoria?

IF THE EUROPEAN POWERS REPRESENTED IN the beet sugar conference at Brussels shall adopt the plan unanimously recommended by the conference, there will be no Cuban sugar question after the beginning of 1903, when the plan is to become operative. According to the programme agreed upon by the delegates, all bounties hitherto paid to the producers of beet sugar are to be abolished, and all of the countries represented will covenant to impose on imported sugar a uniform tariff of \$1.16 per 200 pounds, or a little more than half a cent a pound. The enforcement of such an agreement would so raise the price of sugar in the markets of the world that, without any change in the United States tariff, the cane-sugar producers in Cuba would be able to sell their commodity at a profit. It is by no means certain, however, that Germany, influenced as she is by the Agrarian party, will adopt the plan framed by the Brussels Conference, and, even if she does adopt it, about a year must supervene before the Cuban planters can derive any relief from the change in the market price of their staple. The argument, therefore, for giving them at least temporary aid is as strong as it was when President Roosevelt referred to the matter in his Message. But, although the obligation to render some assistance is denied by very few members of the House of Representatives or of the Senate, it looks more and more doubtful whether a caucus of Republican members of the Lower House will consent to saddle the whole burden of fulfilling the obligation on the native beet sugar industry. If the suggested payment of a rebate to Cuba were believed to be constitutional, it would unquestionably be approved by a large majority of the Republican members.

IT IS GROWING MORE AND MORE EVIDENT THAT the only way to solve the Canal problem quickly and effectually is for Congress to avoid deciding between the Panama and Nicaragua routes by adopting the Spooner amendment to the bill now pending in the Senate. That amendment delegates the power of choice to President Roosevelt, with the proviso that he shall not pay more than forty million dollars to the present Panama Canal Company for everything it may have to sell. Neither Colombia on the one hand nor Nicaragua and Costa Rica on the other can be credited with appreciating the tremendous impetus which would be given to the industry and commerce of their respective countries were they traversed by an inter-oceanic waterway. Each of the republics interested is trying to make the best possible bargain with the United States in the sense of securing the largest possible amount of money by way of rent for its venal rulers, actual or prospective, to handle. The President should be authorized to stop the ignoble game of "hold-up" which these Latin-American commonwealths are inclined to practice by giving each of them a short and definite time in which to make irrevocably such concessions as he may deem worth accepting. Colombia, which knows by experience what it means to have from one to two hundred millions of foreign capital spent within its boundaries, could be soon brought to book by an ultimatum from the President, in which event Nicaragua and Costa Rica, which have been talking vaguely about the Canal for fifty years, would have to wait till the Greek Kalends for the fulfillment of their dream.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT HAS SHOWN GOOD SENSE in declining to permit his daughter to be present at the coronation of King Edward VII. Although the young lady would have gone to London simply as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, the British Court could not have ignored the fact that she is the daughter of the executive head of a great nation, the nation which, above all others, England desires to please. Even if King Edward VII. had not at first intended to receive Miss Roosevelt with the honors usually reserved for royal princesses, he would have felt constrained to do so when it became known that his nephew, Kaiser William II., had formally invited her to visit Berlin after her sojourn in the British metropolis. There is no doubt that, had she gone to the German capital, the Emperor would have welcomed the opportunity of showing his appreciation of the reception given to his brother in the United States. In a word, he would not have hesitated to treat her as royalty is treated, and President Roosevelt would have been held responsible for permitting his daughter to occupy an anomalous position. The President of the United States is

merely a citizen temporarily intrusted with important functions by his countrymen, and it would injure him in public esteem if he allowed a member of his family to accept honors paid on the absurd assumption that he is a royal personage. Especially would this prove true of one who is only a President by accident. We have never believed that Mr. Roosevelt could be capable of such a blunder.

IT IS GENERALLY UNDERSTOOD IN LONDON THAT, immediately after the coronation of King Edward VII., the present Prime Minister, whose health has been for some time far from good, will retire from office and from public life. By whom will Lord Salisbury be succeeded? When the outgoing Premier's advice is requested by his sovereign, as it will be, whom will he name? Inasmuch as nearly three-fourths of his supporters are Conservatives, he might be expected to name one of them. If he does so, it will necessarily be his own relative, Mr. A. J. Balfour, who is now the leader of the Government's partisans in the House of Commons. Mr. Balfour himself, however, is by no means robust, and he may shrink from the labor and responsibility inseparable from the Premiership. In any event, he would scarcely venture to follow Lord Palmerston's example, and discharge the double function of Prime Minister and leader of the House of Commons. Should he become Premier, he will probably accept a peerage, and leave the leadership of the House of Commons to Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. The latter may even become Premier, should Mr. Balfour decline the post, but, in that case, it will be difficult to hold the Government forces together, as the old-fashioned Tories will not willingly play second fiddle to a Radical Unionist.

THE MORE CAREFULLY THE ANGLO-JAPANESE treaty is considered the more clearly it is seen to be a decisive factor in the situation on the Pacific coast of Asia. Since the publication of the instrument, Russia has renounced, for the present at all events, the hope of acquiring political, military and industrial ascendancy in Manchuria, and she has abandoned the attempt to secure an ice-free harbor at the southeastern corner of the Korean peninsula. Newchwang will presently be turned over by the Russians to the Chinese authorities, and the trade of the United States with that chief entrepot of Manchuria will then proceed without further interruption. In Corea the Russians will no longer be able to prevent the Japanese from acquiring commercial preponderance, or from sending thither their surplus population. Germany, on her part, has announced that she has no intention of seeking further acquisitions in the province of Shan-Tung, but will content herself with the moderate strategic and commercial advantages assured to her by the cession of the district of Kiao-Chow. In a word, the dismemberment of China, which a few months ago seemed inevitable, has now been postponed, if not permanently averted. Nominally, the Anglo-Japanese treaty is binding only for five years, but there is no visible reason why it should not be extended indefinitely. If the compact is useful to Japan and England to day it will be tenfold more valuable five years hence, when the Trans Siberian Railway shall not only have been completed, but thoroughly adapted to military purposes. Meanwhile, Russian influence, which hitherto has been paramount at Peking, will henceforth be subordinated to that exerted by Japan and Great Britain, backed as are the two last-named powers by the moral support of the United States.

WHEN PRINCE HENRY VISITED ALBANY, ONE of the five swords bequeathed by George Washington to his nephews was shown to him. He was told that it had been a present from Frederick the Great to Washington, and that it was accompanied with the message "from the oldest to the greatest general." There is not an atom of historical foundation for the legend. Had any such gift been made by the great Frederick to Washington, the incident would have figured conspicuously in contemporary history. There is no allusion to the story in Washington's will and the tale bears all the marks of late fabrication. The legend is absurd upon its face, because it represents the sword as having been sent in the summer of 1780, some months before the surrender of Cornwallis, and at a time when, with the exception of the skirmishes at Trenton and Princeton, Washington had never gained a battle. Under the circumstances, such a warrior as Frederick, who was not lacking in self-esteem, would never have acclaimed the commander of the American rebels as "the greatest general." Such myths as this, while they profess to exalt Washington, do but cloud and dwarf his majestic lineaments. His greatness is built upon the truth, and needs no support from fiction.

## HOW THE PORTO RICANS CELEBRATED WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY



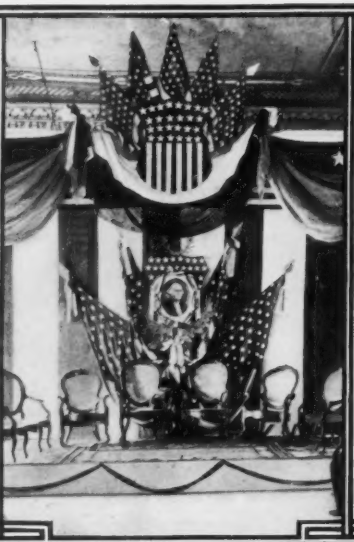
Governor Hunt's Train arriving at Arecibo Station



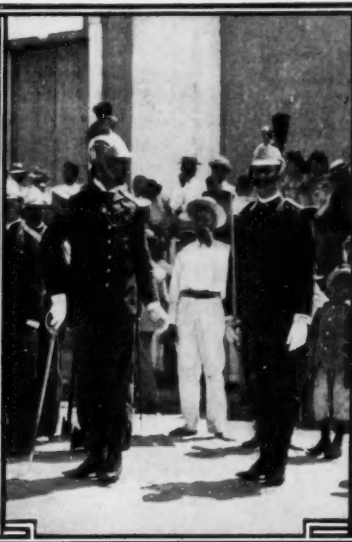
Governor's Carriage crossing the Plaza between Police Lines



The Firemen's Parade



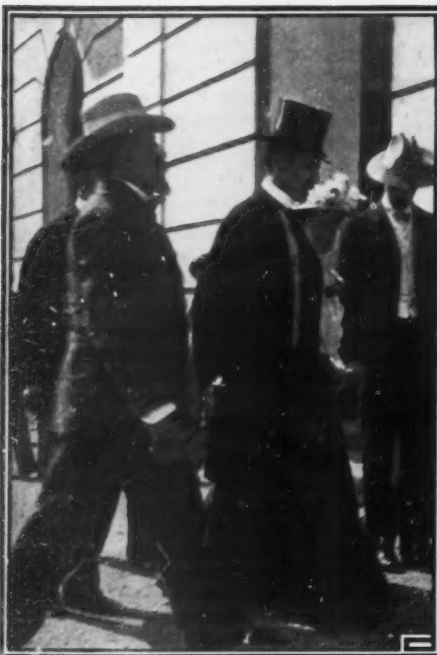
In the City Hall



Fire Department Officers



Waiting for the Parade



A Snap-shot of Governor and Mrs. Hunt



Waiting for the Governor at the City Hall



Peons watching the Arrival of the Governor

Washington's Birthday was the occasion of exceptionally brilliant festivities in our new possession of Porto Rico. The chief demonstrations took place at the seaport town of Arecibo, the capital of the Province of Arecibo. Governor Hunt and Mayor Ruiz Sangredo drove to the City Hall, where patriotic addresses were made. After that the new Jefferson School was dedicated. Toward evening the Governor reviewed a great procession. Fireworks were displayed at night in the Plaza, and a grand public ball was held at the theatre. This concluded the loyal and enthusiastic commemoration of the birthday of the Father of his Country by his newest grandchildren, the Porto Ricans.—Photographs by Hardie Brothers, San Juan, Porto Rico



# Guerilla Warfare in the Philippines

By **FREDERICK FUNSTON**, Brigadier-General U.S.A.



Frederick Funston

THE POPULAR INTEREST now being taken in the war in the Philippines probably justifies my compliance with the request of the editor of COLLIER'S WEEKLY for a short account of the conditions under which war was carried on during the guerilla period—that is, after January, 1900.

I can think of no better way to do this than to give an account of the pacification of the Fourth District of the Department of Northern Luzon, of which I was in command. This district comprises the provinces of Nueva Ecija and Pinaric, and parts of the provinces of Pampanga and Pangasinan. These provinces are in the region immediately north of the city of Manila and are inhabited mostly by Tagalogs. The operations of the guerilla warfare throughout this region did not differ materially from that in other parts of the Philippine Islands. After General MacArthur's and General Lawton's advance northward, the organized insurgent

army throughout North Luzon had been completely shattered. Aguinaldo, after a hasty conference with his officers at Bayambang in the province of Pangasinan, had ordered his soldiers to return to their homes with their rifles, and after a short rest to resume the war, changing the tactics from that of open field fighting to surprise and ambush by small bands of guerillas; this policy to be coupled with a system of terrorizing the native population in order that they would be compelled to support the guerilla bands in the field by contributions of money and food, as well as to furnish the necessary recruits.

The period of quiet in northern Luzon during the months of January and February, 1900, justified the very probable belief that the war in that region was about over, although it was known that there must be in the region north of Manila a great many thousand rifles concealed at various places. I was assigned to the command of the Fourth District about New Year's, 1900. The headquarters were established at San Isidro, the capital of the province of Nueva Ecija. Upon my arrival the country seemed to be entirely at peace. The people had all returned to their homes and had resumed their occupations. Shortly after I arrived at San Isidro I made a tour of almost the entire district, visiting about fifteen garrisoned stations. On this trip, which took the greater part of three weeks, I was accompanied by two officers and from six to ten men. Not a shot was fired during the entire tour, and the natives appeared perfectly friendly everywhere. Under the circumstances, it is small wonder that the district was considered tranquil.

General Lawton, in his advance northward through this region in November, 1899, had appointed presidentes or mayors in the towns through which he had passed, but beyond this no attempt had been made toward establishing civil government.

## "BUSHWHACKING"

Shortly after returning from the tour of the district I received information from native sources to the effect that Pantoleon Garcia, a so-called insurgent general, was in the mountains about thirty miles to the eastward of San Isidro. He was said to have with him a small force of armed men, and was accompanied by one Pablo Padilla, an insurgent colonel. The information, which came through native sources, also stated that Garcia and Padilla had ordered the natives to take up the arms that they had concealed in various places and had taken steps to organize them into bands of guerillas, which were to operate under his direction. They were not to wear a uniform of any kind, and were to wage war intermittently—that is, they were to be in the field a certain time and then return to their habitations, playing both the part of soldier and non-combatant.

Up to this date not a shot had been fired in the province since Lawton's northward march; but one day early in the month of March, accompanied by a small detachment of soldiers, I visited the small village of Santa Cruz, about six miles from San Isidro. The inhabitants of the town were mostly natives of the lower class, who showed no alarm on our approach and gathered to look at the soldiers, this being the first detachment that had visited the place. They were closely questioned as to the whereabouts of any armed men in the vicinity, but one and all denied that they had seen any insurgent soldiers for more than two months. Accompanied by two private soldiers, I happened to ride over to one side of the village, when suddenly fire was opened upon us by several men who ran out of a ravine. We had a short exchange of shots with them, but they escaped into the brushwood, there being no casualties on either side.

About this time two Spanish soldiers who had been prisoners for some months escaped and reached our lines. They gave the information that in the mountains to the eastward of the inhabited region small bands of insurgents were gathering. It was determined to send two expeditions into this region in order to ascertain the truth of these statements. The larger column, composed of detachments of the Thirty-fourth U. S. Volunteer Infantry and of Macabebe scouts, was under the command of Major Joseph Wheeler, Jr., of the Thirty-fourth Volunteer Infantry, now a captain in the Artillery Corps. The other detachment of about sixty men from Troop G, Fourth U. S. Cavalry, Captain L. M. Koehler, and a small detachment of scouts, was under my own command. Major Wheeler's forces, after a two days' march, entered the mountains directly east of San Isidro, and on March 18 struck the insurgent forces under Garcia and Padilla. A sharp conflict ensued, the insurgents being driven from their position and badly scattered. They left on the field about six men killed and wounded, a few rifles and a quantity of ammunition.

The mounted column under my command entered the mountains about fifteen miles south of Major Wheeler's route, and had two slight skirmishes with the enemy, killing one man and capturing six rifles. We found that the trails through the mountain region appeared to be well travelled.

The object of these two expeditions having been accomplished, the troops returned to San Isidro. No further evidence was required to show that the insurgents were collecting in the mountains and that the war was by no means over.

## FIGHTING IN THE MOUNTAINS

The next expedition into the mountains left San Isidro two weeks later, and we had a sharp fight at three o'clock one morning, after an all night march far up into the mountains. In this affair the enemy were surprised in their camp. They left on the ground two men dead, twelve Mauser rifles and a thousand rounds of ammunition. We did not escape without loss. My aide-de-camp, Lieutenant R. A. Wolfe of the Twenty-second U. S. Infantry, was wounded, while Private Murphy of the Twenty-fourth Volunteer Infantry was killed.

In the various camps which we had surprised there had been found correspondence which showed that the insurgents were well organized throughout the whole region and that contributions were being sent from the towns that were occupied by our own troops.

It was considered necessary to ascertain the state of affairs in the region to the northward, and consequently I left San Isidro with a detachment of eighteen mounted men for an expedition of ten days, leaving orders in the meantime for Major Wheeler to keep a sharp eye on the mountains to the eastward. A detachment of scouts under my own command had no adventures until the second day out of San Isidro, when, while riding along the trail through high grass, we suddenly encountered twelve men armed with rifles. We made a mounted charge, and eight of them were left dead on the field, the other four escaping into the brush. Although the enemy fired one hundred shots in this affair, not one of our men was hit. The work was done at extremely close range, all the insurgents being killed by revolver fire.

Scouting to the northward, and passing through San Jose, a small town garrisoned by a company of the Twenty-fourth Infantry, from there we proceeded eastward into the mountains to Carangan, near the extreme headwaters of the Rio Grande. Marching down this valley toward Bongabong, we were so fortunate as to capture a large insurgent arsenal or storehouse. The information as to its whereabouts had been obtained from an Ilocano, one of a race of natives who had very little, if any, sympathy with the insurrection.

The building was well concealed in dense woods at the top of a bluff forty feet high and from which a rope ladder hung down from the top of the cliff. The detachment of insurgent soldiers guarding the place were evidently asleep, and were awakened only when the first man stepping on the ladder rang an alarm bell at the top. They fled without firing a shot. We captured all of the archives of the old Malolos Government; everything pertaining to the war, from their standpoint, from the time of the landing of Aguinaldo at Cavite to his retreat from Malolos. There were thousands of letters and telegrams of great value from a historical point of view. There was also captured a very considerable quantity of ammunition, including fifteen hundred shells for the Hotchkiss two-pounder gun, as well as several hundred pounds of powder. The documents and the artillery ammunition were taken with us, everything else being destroyed. After four days' more scouting with no further result, the expedition returned to San Isidro.

## GATHERING IN FILIPINO GENERALS

It was considered of the greatest importance to capture or kill Garcia and Padilla. After Major Wheeler's fight they were known to have left the mountains and gone down into the flat country, but the natives were apparently so much in sympathy with them, or were so much afraid of their

vengeance, that it was almost impossible to obtain news of their whereabouts. Garcia was known to be quite ill. I had been called to Manila for consultation with General MacArthur, and while there received the gratifying information that Captain E. V. Smith of the Fourth Infantry, adjutant-general of the Fourth District, had in my absence effected Garcia's capture. The information as to his whereabouts had been obtained by means of a native spy. Garcia was sent to Manila, and in a short time took the oath of allegiance and was released. Padilla then assumed command of the insurgent forces throughout the region, but within two weeks was himself captured by Lieutenant F. A. Jernigan of the Thirty-fourth Volunteer Infantry. The correspondence and documents captured at various times had given us the information that there were scattered throughout the district about fifteen hundred men armed with rifles. A number of captures of arms had already been made by our men, the most important work being done by Captain Sullivan and Lieutenant Jernigan of the Thirty-fourth Volunteer Infantry, who obtained three hundred rifles, mostly by ascertaining the place where they were buried.

A most satisfactory affair was the attack made by Lieutenant Draper of the Twenty-second Infantry on an insurgent camp at night, resulting in the killing of several men and the capture of twenty-nine rifles and three thousand rounds of ammunition. Lieutenant Draper had but eight men and defeated a force six times as great.

We had strong hopes that after the capture of Padilla the insurgents throughout that region would sue for peace, and the guerilla bands would come in and surrender, but we were doomed to disappointment. One Urbano Lacuna, living in the town of Balingag, at once took to the field, proclaimed himself governor of Nueva Ecija, and assumed command of the insurgent forces. He had formerly been a colonel under Antonio Luna, and had fought against the Americans during General MacArthur's advance up the railroad. Lacuna was a man of much greater courage and energy than Padilla, and was at the same time more cruel. A reign of terror now began throughout the whole district. Every native who was in any way suspected of sympathizing with the Americans or of aiding them, or who neglected or refused to pay the contributions demanded, was assassinated, if a way could be found to do it. Many men were buried alive, others flogged to death, and still others executed with the bolo. Major Wheeler, who had shown great activity in hunting down the insurgents, was picked out for assassination, which object the insurgents nearly succeeded in, his horse being hit twice and the surgeon who was with him being wounded. Two thousand dollars reward was offered to any native who would succeed in assassinating myself.

## HORRORS OF WAR

It is probably not an exaggeration to say that three hundred natives were murdered by the insurgent chiefs in this district in one year. As many as thirty of these were women and children, they being killed for the purpose of punishing their relatives. The most notorious of these assassins was a man by the name of Taguntan, a guerilla chief operating with a small band in the immediate vicinity of San Isidro. This man murdered scores of people, and burned a number of towns to punish the inhabitants for giving information to the Americans, or for neglect to pay insurgent taxes. A small boy belonging to a wealthy and influential Filipino family was caught and flogged to death for the reason that he was suspected of sympathizing with the Americans and because his father persistently refused to pay money to the guerillas. The author of this horrible deed met his just deserts, being shot to death in January, 1901.

Another horrible example of cruelty was the murder of a Spaniard by the name of Padin and his wife and five small children. This was done by the order of Padilla shortly before he was captured. Padin had formerly been an officer in the insurgent army, but had left them and was living in his own house.

One of the most notorious murderers throughout the region was Delfin Esquivel, an insurgent major who had been abandoned in Spanish times. By a remarkably fine piece of work this man and a number of his soldiers were captured in a swamp at night by Lieutenant Wheeler of the Twenty-second Infantry. While he had committed a great many murders, the witnesses could not be obtained, and he was convicted and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment for engaging in guerilla warfare in violation of the laws of war.

The considerable town of Gapan was not occupied by our troops until July, 1900, and a short time before this date it was surrounded one night by six hundred American troops and every building thoroughly searched. Many insurgent officers were captured and confined in the San Isidro prison.

From this time until January, skirmishes were so frequent that it would be out of the question to give even a brief account of each one within the limits of this article. Scarcely a week passed without two or three engagements. Usually they were small affairs, but on June 14 there was a very



**BUSHWHACKING WARFARE**—Twenty-two officers and men of the 36th Infantry in a fight near Lubao. The captain and two privates were killed and a lieutenant and eight privates were wounded. Most of the wounded were shot several times. One private fired thirty shots after being shot through both arms. With eight men they charged the bamboo thicket and the trenches, driving the Filipinos before them.

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SENATOR DU BOIS

SENATOR CULBERSON



GOVERNOR TAFT

SENATOR TURNER

SENATOR LODGE, CHAIRMAN

SENATOR ALLISON

Governor Taft testifying before the Senate Committee on the Philippines, concerning the Condition of Affairs in the Islands

sharp fight at Calios between two hundred and fifty well-organized men under Lacuna and a detachment of sixty men under my own command, the insurgents leaving many men dead on the field. On July 22 Major Wheeler of the Thirty-fourth had a sharp fight at Tubigan and drove the enemy from their position, but lost an officer and seven men.

#### STALKING THE ENEMY

The Ilcano scouts were organized by Colonel L. W. V. Kennon of the Thirty-fourth Infantry, and rendered most efficient service in the northern part of the district, while Batson's Macabebes did equally good work in the southern part of the district. Expeditions marched as much at night as they did in the daytime, avoiding roads and trails, and making every attempt to surprise the enemy. In spite of the wariness of the latter, our attempts were often successful, and in nearly every case the enemy was severely punished. Several gallant officers lost their lives in these encounters, among them being Captain George J. Godfrey of the Twenty-second Infantry and Lieutenant John Morrison of the Fourth Cavalry.

One can scarcely realize the hard work done by the troops during this period. Scouting detachments were sometimes in the field for three or four days at a time, living on hard fare, marching at night and sleeping in the daytime. All the insurgent officers or soldiers captured were tried before either military commissions or provost courts and sentenced to terms of imprisonment for violating the laws of war in

fighting without a uniform and without remaining constantly in the field but from time to time assuming the rôle of non-combatants.

David Fagan, a deserter of the Twenty-fourth Infantry, was a cause of unending trouble. He had been made a captain by Lacuna, and was superior in courage and ability to most of the insurgent chiefs. All attempts made to kill or capture this man failed until finally, after the pacification of the provinces, he was caught and beheaded by the Filipinos themselves.

After the capture of Aguinaldo—which event took place not in my own district, but in the extreme northern part of the island—there was a general move of the insurgent leaders to surrender. In April Lacuna asked for a conference, which was arranged, and on May 19 he marched into San Isidro with twenty-nine officers and two hundred and seventy-five men armed with rifles and laid down his arms, all of the men taking the oath of allegiance. Lacuna and his officers returned to their homes, and to all appearances have conducted themselves in an exemplary manner since that time.

Immediately upon the pacification of the provinces Governor Taft arrived and, accompanied by several members of the Civil Commission, established a provincial civil government, with Captain J. F. Kreps of the Twenty-second Infantry as civil governor. There is no doubt that the region can be considered as perfectly tranquil. It is not likely that there are any arms in the hands of the natives anywhere throughout its extent, fifteen hundred rifles having been captured or surrendered in one year. After the surrender of Lacuna, all prisoners of war who were not serving sen-

tence for the commission of crime were released from San Isidro prison, this act of clemency having a decidedly good effect on the minds of the natives.

#### FILIPINOS ARE COWED

When I left San Isidro whatever hostility there had been against Americans seemed to be rapidly dying out, and I was escorted to the railroad by a delegation of citizens, among them being Lacuna and Padilla. From an acquaintance with the people of that region extending over two years, I feel confident that if they are treated with fairness, and at the same time are given to understand that any rising against constituted authority will be quickly suppressed and the guilty persons punished, they will remain quiet for an indefinite length of time. In Spanish times there was much out-lawry through this region, but human life is safer there to-day than it has been in many, many years, the professional bandits having been practically exterminated or sentenced to terms of imprisonment. The people cannot be expected to have any great love for Americans, but neither is there a deep-seated hostility. The great mass of the people have no interest in how they are governed, and, if not stirred up by agitators from among their own race, are inclined to follow peaceful pursuits. This district is a fair sample of them all, with the exception of the island of Samar and the country inhabited by the Moros. What has been accomplished there has also been done in other parts of the islands, and this fact leads me to the belief that the time is near at hand when the islands will be tranquil and well governed throughout.

## The New Secretary of the Navy

By WALTER WELLMAN, Our Washington Correspondent

"HE IS my kind of a man," so said President Roosevelt, speaking of Representative Moody of Massachusetts a few days ago. Shortly afterward it was announced that Secretary of the Navy Long had resigned and that Mr. Moody had been appointed to take his place. Thus the Secretaryship of the Navy is kept in the hands of a Massachusetts man, and another Harvard man too.

The change did not cause any surprise at Washington, and very little throughout the country. It has been known for a long time that Secretary Long wanted to retire to private life. He asked President McKinley to relieve him a year ago, but Mr. McKinley was so fond of his Secretary of the Navy as a man and as official that he begged him to stay. When President Roosevelt came in, Mr. Long again wanted to improve

the opportunity to quit, but he was unable to resist the appeal which the young President made that for a time at least the Cabinet of his predecessor should be kept intact.

There have been few more popular men in public life at the national capital than Mr. Long. Polished, urbane, sincere, learned, full of grace of speech and warmth of good feeling, all sorts and conditions of men have formed for him great admiration and affection. His administration of the Navy Department through a trying period in the country's history, covering the Spanish-American war, is held by the experts—all save those who have taken active part in the great naval controversy which grew out of that war—to have been admirable and successful.

Mr. Long has been nearly twenty-five years in public life as member of the Legislature of his State, Governor, Representative in Congress and Secretary of the Navy.

William Henry Moody, the new Secretary of the Navy, is a Roosevelt sort of a man. That is to say, he is vigorous, lively, a Civil Service reformer, the "new" type. He is forty-eight years old, a lawyer, has served six years in the lower branch of Congress, is a student of world affairs, has never served on the naval committee, but knows a lot about the naval establishment, and for many years has been one of the President's warm personal friends.

His selection for the navy portfolio was wholly a personal one with the President. Politics and politicians had nothing to do with it. Men who make a business of watching affairs at Washington say that President Roosevelt is turning more and more to men who have been close to him, men who know and understand him and are able to work with him like horses hitched to the same wagon.

It has been noticed that Mr. Roosevelt does not seem to care for the traditional method of playing the political game. In the old days a President who aspired to re-election—and no one doubts for a minute that Mr. Roosevelt does now so aspire—sought his members of the Cabinet from among political leaders, heads of States and chiefs of columns who could throw him delegates in the national convention of his party. Mr. Roosevelt has not made any such nominations. In his new Secretary of the Treasury he selected a man from a State which was already his. In his new Postmaster-General he chose a man from another State already friendly to him and which the new Cabinet officer could not control if it were not. In his new Secretary of the Navy he has a man looting from a State already belonging bag and baggage to the President through the favor of his other warm personal friend,

the "boss" of the aforesaid Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Henry Cabot Lodge.

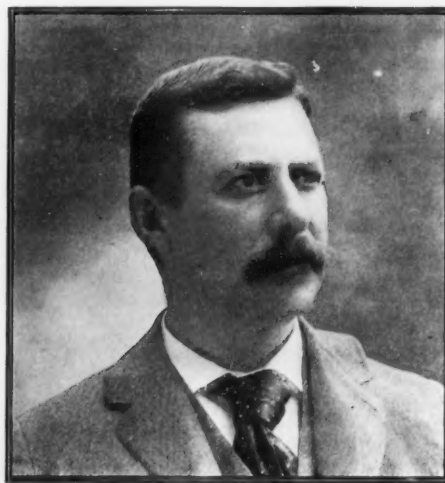
In only one particular does William Henry Moody fall short of President Roosevelt's ideal. This is in his social status. The President thinks it the duty of every man to marry and raise a good-sized family. His ideal is the pater with a large number of sons and daughters gathered about his board.

Mr. Moody is a bachelor. He has neither married nor apparently given the slightest thought to that part of his duty as citizen and publicist. The women of Washington say he is a confirmed bachelor, as any man must be who could live half a dozen years in this gay capital, full of feminine beauty and grace, without surrendering. Mr. Moody does not care for society. He lives in bachelor apartments. The sort of dinner he likes best is known as the "stag."

Photograph Copyright by J. E. Purdy &amp; Co., Boston



John D. Long, retiring Secretary



William H. Moody, the new Secretary



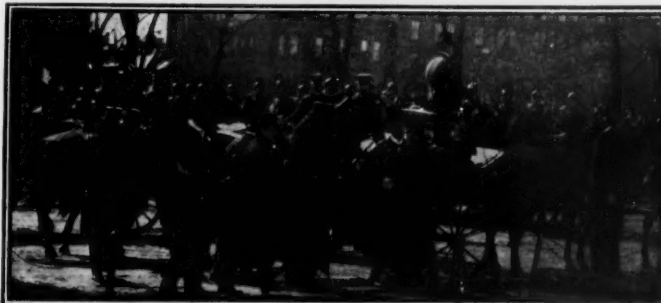
PICTURES BY JAMES H. MADE, OUR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER WITH PRINCE HENRY



Prince Henry overlooking the Battlefield from Point Lookout Mountain at Chattanooga, Tennessee



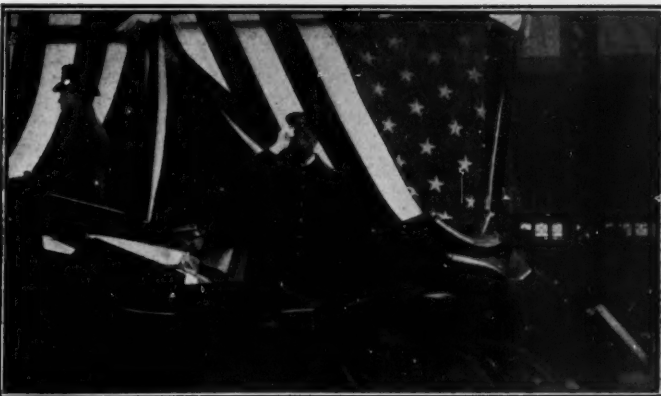
The Prince arriving at Lincoln's Statue, Chicago



The immense crowd in Lincoln Park, Chicago



The Prince salutes the Citizens of Buffalo



Contemplating "The Horseshoe" at Niagara Falls



## Prince Henry's Tour of The States—IV.

By GEORGE LYNCH, Our Special Correspondent with the Prince

### POLICE ESPIONAGE

THE PRINCE'S TRAIN was very carefully guarded by police and there was no relaxation of vigilance until he boarded the steamship *Deutschland* on the return trip to Germany. American Secret Service men rode on his train and others of the same bureau mingled in the crowds in every city where the train halted. There had been no reason to suspect an attempt on the life of the Prince, but the precaution to guard him was taken just the same.

In New York, Captain of Detectives Titus with a large detail of his men constantly surrounded him and at Washington the local police did the same. Secret agents of the German Government were also at work, but they did not show themselves on any of the public appearances of the Prince. They were active, but adroitly concealed their movements. None of them was carried in the special train.

### "DOWN SOUTH IN DIXIE"

Prince Henry's Southern trip was of but twenty-four hours' duration, yet he was in four States that are classed with the South, got glimpses of the cities of Chattanooga, Nashville, Louisville, Lexington, and Bowling Green, and ascended Lookout Mountain for a survey of the battleground where Grant defeated Bragg in the fall of 1863.

He was welcomed to the South with the hospitality and courtesy traditional to the section, and before he departed expressed gratification for the kindly spirit manifested toward him.

The tour into the South commenced at Cincinnati on the night of Saturday, March 1, when, at 9.30 o'clock, his train was transferred across the Ohio River and started for Chattanooga over the Queen and Crescent Railroad.

There were several stops during the night on the long run down through Kentucky and across Tennessee, but the Prince, weary after a long day of activity, retired early and did not appear. He was given a noisy welcome at Chattanooga, where, despite the earliness of the hour of arrival, a large crowd had gathered to see and greet him. Guided by a local committee representing the Chamber of Commerce, with which Commissioner of Pensions H. Clay Evans and General H. V. Boynton, chairman of Chickamauga National Park Association, acted, the Prince started at once for Lookout Mountain. He made the ascent by the inclined railway and spent an hour looking over the battlefields and hearing the story of the campaign from General Boynton, who participated in Sherman's successful assault on Missionary Ridge.

General Boynton briefly but graphically told the story of the campaign against Chattanooga and pointed out the sev-

eral battlegrounds. He pointed down the steep incline where Hooker's men climbed and then across to Missionary Ridge where Sherman made his dashing assault.

Back in the city again, a committee of the Chamber of Commerce gathered about the Prince and presented him with a silver-covered album.

The Prince left Chattanooga at 10.30 o'clock over the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railroad, cleared the Cumberland Mountains, and four hours later was in Nashville. His reception at Nashville was an ovation. So many persons were jammed into the depot grounds that several were slightly injured in the crush.

Over the line of Kentucky, at Bowling Green, late in the afternoon, the Prince got a typical Blue Grass welcome. Judge Simms, acting for his fellow citizens of Bowling Green, climbed on the platform and with gracious speech presented some very fine old peach brandy and whiskey. The Prince expressed his gratefulness and promised faithfully to drink the liquor. His assurance pleased the Kentuckians, and they cheered him wildly. There was a night reception at Louisville at 7.45 o'clock, and although it was cold and the snow was falling, an enormous crowd turned out to assist in the brief greeting. Then the journey northward began.

### ST. LOUIS—CHICAGO—MILWAUKEE

Two great American cities, St. Louis and Chicago, welcomed Prince Henry with a rousing ovation on March 3. The crowds were larger and the enthusiasm greater than the Prince had witnessed thus far on his Western trip. He spent four hours, from 7 to 11 A.M., in St. Louis, had breakfast at the St. Louis Club, and drove about the city. The rest of the daylight was occupied in speeding across the State of Illinois to Chicago, where he arrived at 6.20 P.M.

Chicago outdid herself in welcoming the Prince. Thousands thronged the drive to the Auditorium Hotel, where quarters were provided for the royal visitor, and where, almost immediately upon his arrival, he attended a banquet in his honor. Then he attended a concert of German singing societies at the Armory. This was followed by a grand ball at the Auditorium.

It was 2 o'clock in the afternoon when the Prince took leave of his Chicago friends and his special made the run to Milwaukee in just two hours. The reception committee met him at the depot and led him to a carriage for a drive through the city. A squadron of State cavalry formed about his carriage and were his escort through the city.

Just outside the depot grounds were one thousand veterans of the Franco-Prussian War, who had gathered from distant points in Wisconsin to honor the Prince. They cheered wildly

as he drove down their lines and many of them called out the affectionate greetings of the Fatherland. The demonstration was everywhere very friendly. There were often calls for a speech from the Prince and then loud requests for something from Admiral Evans, but neither addressed the gathering.

After the public greeting the Prince was driven through the brilliantly illuminated streets. A race, in which thirty-two pieces of fire apparatus participated, came next, but the plan for it miscarried somewhat. The banquet at the Hotel Pfister followed. At 10.10 o'clock the Prince left the city for Niagara by way of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul and Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railways.

### AT NIAGARA FALLS

Prince Henry reached Niagara March 5, and devoted three hours to viewing the Falls and the racing waters of the Gorge. He said farewell to Milwaukee at 10 o'clock at night and made the run to Niagara almost without stop. His special ran down through Wisconsin, and avoided Chicago by a cut-off. Cleveland was the first place at which he appeared on the platform of his car to bow his acknowledgments to the people. In the crowd was Peter Karp, who was a bugler in the navy when the Prince was a midshipman. They had been shipmates for two years. They had a happy reunion, and talked of the olden days at sea with little regard to their widely differing stations.

At Erie, Penn., Mrs. Harriet Gridley and Miss Gridley, widow and daughter of Captain Charles Gridley, were presented to Prince Henry by Admiral Evans. Admiral Evans and the gallant officer who commanded the *Olympia* at Manila Bay were classmates at Annapolis and comrades for many years in the service. The crowd at Erie was the first big one of the day and it got completely be- and the control of the local police.

Buffalo was reached at 1.45 o'clock in the afternoon, and there was another brief stop, during which Mayor Knight was presented to the Prince, and the German singers of the city and a band serenaded him.

At 2 o'clock the special pulled out from Buffalo and forty minutes later the Prince was receiving the welcome of Mayor Butler of Niagara Falls. He was driven to the Falls at once, and at the point on the suspension bridge where American sovereignty ends a delegation of Canadian officials formally welcomed him to Canadian soil.

The Falls were incased in ice and only the Horseshoe had anything like its natural beauty. The Horseshoe was fairly clear and at its crest the cataract showed a pretty tint of emerald. The Prince was taken down the Gorge road by special electric car and dismounted at the whirlpool rapids

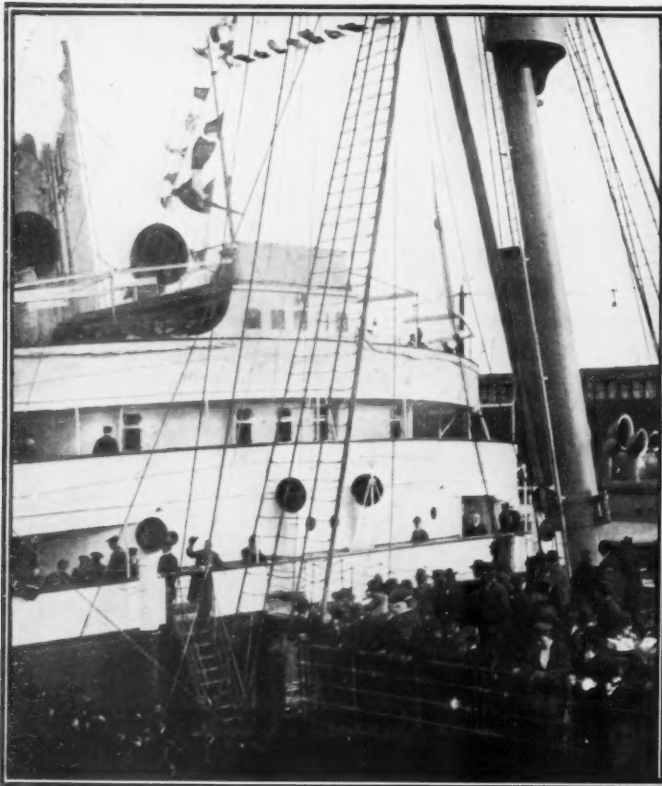
PICTURES BY OUR STAFF AND SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHERS



Prince Henry visits Cramps' Shipyard in Philadelphia



Mr. Cramp shows the Prince through the Machine Shops



The Prince on the "Deutschland's" Bridge as the Liner left the Wharf



Off for Home! The "Deutschland" backing out into the River

where the sport of the waters is the wildest. Long rows of huge icicles hung from the rocky walls of the Gorge, but the race was free from ice and nothing hampered its wild rush.

#### OFF FOR THE "HUB"

It was 6 o'clock when the Prince boarded his train again and 6.15 when the special started for the East. In the evening Rochester and Syracuse honored the Prince with receptions. Twenty thousand persons crowded around the train at Rochester and defied all efforts of the police to keep them in order. The Prince, alarmed for the safety of those who struggled to see him, asked that the train be started as soon as possible.

Boston decided in advance to make its reception to Prince Henry democratic, but in fact gave him the most dignified, stately and courtly welcome that he got anywhere on his tour. The Prince had hurried that he might not be late for the reception. The floods in northern New York and the snow in the Berkshires did not delay him, and he had time to spare when his special crossed the Massachusetts frontier.

Springfield and Worcester offered receptions, but their tenders were politely declined. It was 9.35 o'clock when South Station was reached.

At the Hotel Somerset the Prince waited for Governor Winthrop Murray Crane, who came in state to call with a brilliant staff. The Governor hurried back to the State House and there, twenty minutes later, the Prince came with ceremony to formally return the call.

The call of the Prince was made in the Governor's Room, and when he withdrew he looked in for a few minutes on the Legislature, which met in joint session to receive him. He then departed to call on Mayor Collins, who received him at the Public Library. After meeting the Mayor he received thirty-five veterans of the war his grandfather successfully waged against France. Then he departed for Cambridge to visit Harvard.

Here he first got the freedom of the city of Cambridge and then went to Memorial Hall to meet the corporation of Harvard. That over, they took him to Sanders Hall and gave him the honorary degree of doctor of laws. President Eliot gave him high praise for himself and his people and formally enrolled him among the elect.

A luncheon at Faculty Hall followed; afterward the Prince went to Harvard Union. There was some relaxation there, but even the students were careful. They had rehearsed their football song, "Onward to Victory," but some one suddenly remembered that it went to the tune of the "Marseillaise" and cut it out. They feared that there was a shadow of a chance of offending the Prince and did not wish to run even a chance.

The dinner given by the city of Boston to the Prince occurred at the Hotel Somerset, and about the board was a noteworthy gathering of the men of the city and State.

#### ON THE HOMESTRETCH

Prince Henry was weary when he retired after his day and evening at Boston and Cambridge, but he was up comparatively early to "do" the Capitol.

His reception at Albany was a flattering one. Mayor Gaus and the reception committee had come, expressed the welcome, and gone before the Governor finally appeared. His greeting over, the Prince, under escort of cavalry, drove through the crowded streets to the City Hall and Capitol to return the official calls. About the depot, municipal buildings and Capitol were large crowds.

After calling on Governor Odell the Prince visited the Legislature, and was then shown through the Capitol. At 10.30 o'clock he was back in his train and off for West Point.

#### WEST POINT AND NEW YORK AGAIN

West Point was reached at 2.30 o'clock, and Colonel Mills, superintendent of the Academy, with half a dozen officers and a troop of cavalry, was on hand to meet the Prince. The latter was driven up the incline to the plateau in a sleigh, and when the sleigh reached the top of the steep roadway, Knox Battery hammered out a salute of twenty-one guns. As the sleigh carrying the Prince rounded the parade grounds the cadets, formed in six companies, marched on to the snow-covered field.

After dress parade the Prince was taken to Memorial Hall, where he received the officers and faculty of the Academy, and then to the Riding School and to the Gymnasium. He repeatedly congratulated Colonel Mills on the work at the Academy and thanked him for the reception and the pleasure the visit had given him.

His train was speeded on the last lap of the run home and was practically on time when it reached New York. The appearance of a case of scarlet fever in the crew of the imperial yacht *Hohenzollern* led to the adoption of the Waldorf Astoria as the temporary home of the Prince, and it was here that he was driven when he crossed the North River.

The Prince remained in New York from Friday night until Monday morning and was the central figure at a series of sumptuous social entertainments. He was dined by the University Club, the German Society of the city of New York, and Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, given luncheons by Mrs. D. Ogden Mills and the American committee which escorted him on his tour, was received by the New York Yacht Club, and heard a concert of the Arion Society of Brooklyn.

He departed at 8 o'clock on Monday morning for Philadelphia, where he received another great popular demonstration. At the City Hall Mayor Ashbridge addressed the Prince and gave him the freedom of the city. The German veterans of the city also presented an address of welcome. The Prince thanked them both and, taking leave of them, visited Independence Hall. From there he went to Cramps'

Shipyard. He showed the keenest interest in the work in progress.

At the clubhouse of the Union League the Prince made his farewell address to Americans.

The Prince left Philadelphia at 3.30 o'clock and was back at Jersey City at 5.25. The tug *John Rodgers* transferred him to the steamship *Deutschland*. In the evening he gave a farewell dinner to General Corbin, Assistant Secretary of State Hill, Admiral Evans, Colonel Bingham and Commander Cowles, the Americans who accompanied him on his tour. He went to the German Theatre later at night and saw the performance of "Im Weissen Rössel." It was his final appearance in public.

#### "AUF WIEDERSEHEN! YOUR HIGHNESS"

Prince Henry of Prussia sailed away for his home on the liner *Deutschland* at 3.45 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, March 11, and the demonstration of farewell, which began hours before the steamship cast off her lines, was a generous tribute to the departing guest.

Thousands lined the piers and wharfs of Hoboken, and the culminating tribute was a great cheer that carried across the sparkling waters of the river. It was taken up by bay craft, and many of the watchers at points on the outer bay did not leave their places until the big liner was "hull down" on the southeastern horizon.

It had been anticipated that the Prince would leave the *Deutschland* in the morning to pay some calls, but instead he kept to the ship. He spent some time in writing letters and despatches and some time on the bridge of the *Deutschland*. At 12 o'clock he received the Americans who formed his escort on his tour and entertained them at luncheon. His leavetaking from them made an interesting scene. Arising from the table, the Prince picked up a rose and, placing it on the lapel of his coat, said:

"This is the badge which I have been admiring during my entire trip throughout the United States—American beauty!"

To Mayor Seth Low, who called to wish the Prince bon voyage, was given the following parting message to the people of New York: "I thank the people of New York for all their kindness to me, which I appreciate deeply. If I should return to America I shall feel when I reach New York that I am once more at home."

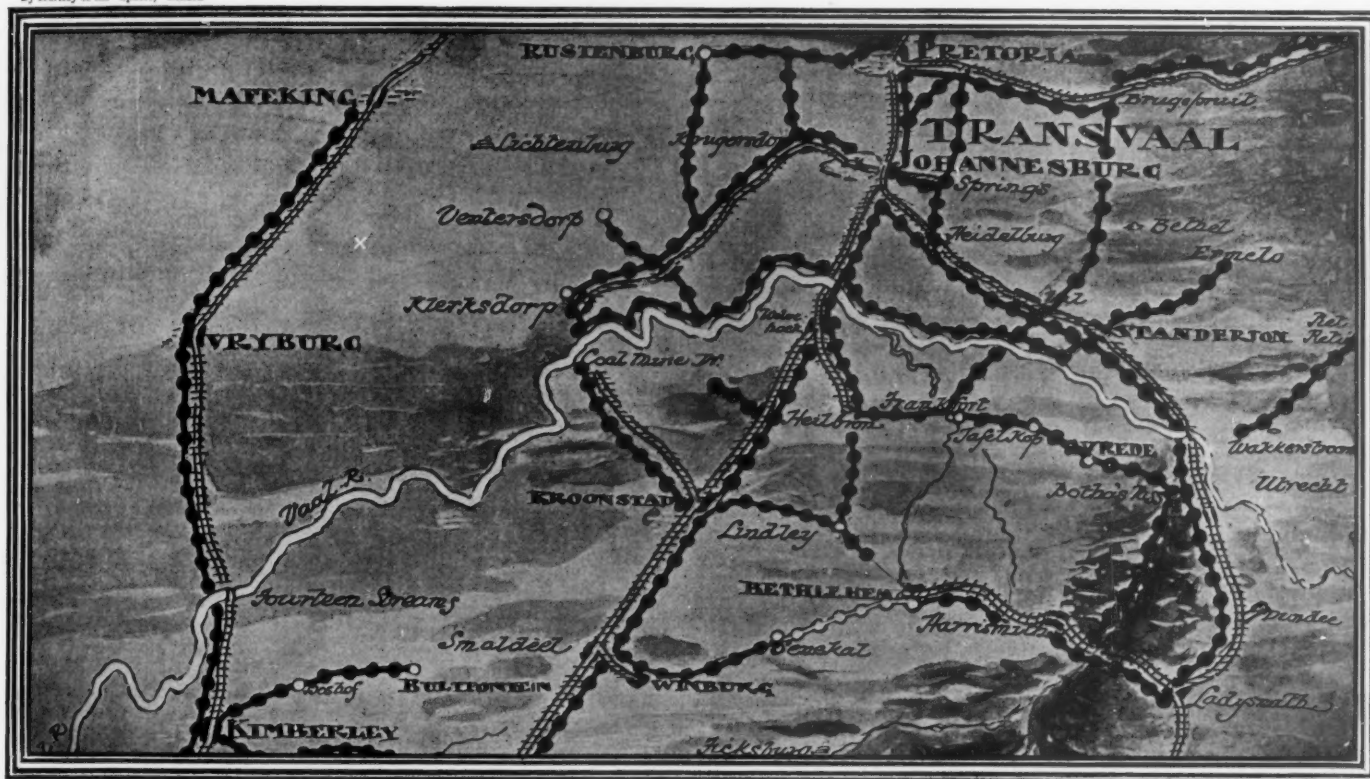
It was largely Hoboken's day, and the people of that city seemed to be all collected down along on the water front. Their singers serenaded the Prince and their hands played for him. "Die Wacht am Rhein" seemed their strongest effort.

The Prince stood on the bridge as the big vessel cleared the wharf and repeatedly saluted in acknowledgment of the roar of cheers.

So ended the visit of Prince Henry of Prussia, brother of William II., Emperor of Germany, to the United States.



By courtesy of the "Sphere," London



Map of the British Blockhouse System in South Africa.—The Methuen Disaster occurred in the Vicinity indicated by the White Cross

## Unlucky Lord Methuen

By JULIAN RALPH, War Correspondent

**T**HE DISASTER to Lord Methuen, who was captured by the Boers on the 7th inst. after a severe fight in which he was badly wounded, calls attention to a striking figure on the British side in this obstinate struggle on the veldt. It is now two years and a little more than four months that General Lord Paul Methuen has been racing up and down the veldt, mainly in the western part of the Orange River Colony or across the western border in Griqualand West, between Kimberley and Mafeking.

General Sir Redvers Buller began the fighting in November, 1899, on the Natal frontier, but Paul Methuen was not far behind him in beginning operations in his own field west of the then Orange Free State. He had served in the Bechuanaland campaign of 1884-5, and was a great and very popular hero with the loyal British in the two English colonies and with the Uitlanders in the two republics. He was ordered to lead a flying column to Kimberley, but was most unjustly treated by General Buller, who, being in command, ordered practically everything for himself and gave Methuen the barest leaveings.

He had the Seventh and Twelfth Lancers and Major Remington's "Nightcaps" or scouts. These were the only mounted men in his flying column. From first to last the Lancers, whose weapon was an antiquated toy, were of almost no use whatever, and Remington's corps was then made up of a small handful of men.

Lord Methuen strode gallantly northward, dislodging the Boers on Belmont Kopje and putting them to flight at Graspan. He and all the world believed that these two battles were British victories and that the war would soon be over. I was there—in each fight—and I knew that in neither battle were the Boers badly punished. I also knew that Commandant Prinsloo had declared to a Dutch reporter that the Boers would lead Methuen step by step to a trap at Modder River, where they would stop his progress short, for all time.

This prophecy almost came true. Lord Methuen walked with his eyes open into the awful trap at Modder River, and

might easily have got no further but for a mistake on the part of the Boers. For twelve hours the Boers kept most of us flat on our stomachs with our noses as close to the ground as we could get them while they raked the veldt with a fine-tooth comb of Mauser bullets.

Late in the afternoon General Pole-Carew of the Guards and Colonel Barter of the Yorkshire Light Infantry dashed across the river against a furious hail of lead and, being followed by many men of the Yorkshire, Lancashire and Argyle Regiments, routed the Boers from behind the garden walls and cottage windows and rested on the further (or Boers') side of the Modder. The few British who performed this feat set up a hearty English cheer, and the Boers hearing it and thinking themselves surrounded, slipped silently away from their strongholds and left Methuen the winner of the battle.

When victory came to him on this occasion he was in the hands of the doctors, for with reckless bravery he had twice or thrice attempted to cross the Modder in the teeth of the Boer fire, and at last was shot in the thigh and carried off the field. His men worshipped him for his courage, the Guards Brigade of aristocrats pointed to him—old Guardsman as he was—in proof of what blue blood would do for its possessor, and all England went wild with enthusiasm, cheering its millions of throats hoarse at the mere mention of his name.

That was in November, 1899. In the following month his stock of popularity fell far below par; he added so much to the disappointment and gloom of the English at home that none was so poor as to do him honor, and Field Marshal Lord Roberts was sent to the front as the last hope of the nation to see if he could not move either Buller, Methuen or Gatacre, all three of whom were stalled and helpless.

It was Methuen who dealt the hardest blow at the hopes and spirits of the British, and this blow he delivered at Magersfontein, where he led eight thousand men into a slaughter-pen and lost one in every ten, his loss being as heavy as the full force of the Boers who attacked him. As he had put the three Highland regiments in the forefront, and they had lost not only their general but a majority of their officers, the Scotch were almost ready to mutiny, and did not hesitate to call Lord Methuen a butcher and a murderer and to swear that they would never go into battle under him again.

Criticised mercilessly by the people, doubted by the government and called a murderer by a third of his army—this was the sorry luck of the gallant Guardsman one month after he had held Christendom spellbound by three victories in a week.

It was commonly rumored that he was behaving strangely after his defeat at Magersfontein and his unique despatches somewhat strengthened this impression. He lay idle with his army for a long time after the awful disaster at Magersfontein, but at last Lord Roberts reached him, took the three regiments of Guards and the three regiments of Scotch away from him and sent him down to be Military Governor of Kimberley for a while.

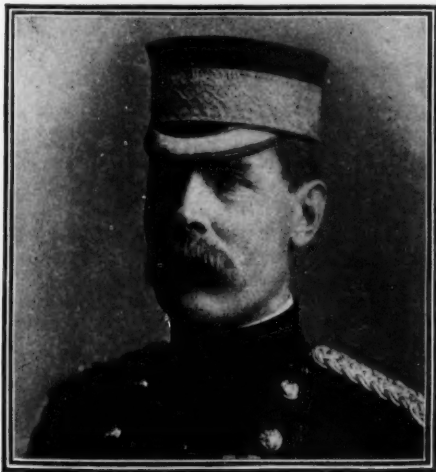
He was very low-spirited while at Kimberley, and to all who knew him or made his acquaintance he tried to prove that his defeat at Magersfontein was one that must have befallen any force no matter how large or by whom led. It was held by some that he must certainly be sent home as a failure and it was equally positively declared by others that he had such powerful friends at court in the person of the Prince of Wales (now the king) and certain influential ladies as to make it impossible for any commander-in-chief or secretary for war to shame him before the nation.

What actually did happen to him was that he was ordered to form one of the fingers of the hand (or teeth of the comb) with which Lord Roberts raked the veldt on his way to Pretoria. Methuen was to gather the remnants of his army—the Yorkshires, Lancashires and Northumberlands—and march quickly toward Mafeking in order to assist in the freeing of that town from its imprisoning circle of Boers. He fought some small engagements on the way and in one of these killed Colonel Villebois-Mareuil, the gallant French royalist who was serving with the Boers.

That was nearly two years ago, and ever since then the brave but rather too unskilful general has been sweeping up and down the veldt, now fighting little skirmishes, now gathering in cattle and produce, and once in a while receiving surrenders of small or large parties of the enemy. He has gone far to win back the old regard of his fellow countrymen, and has been many times and very splendidly mentioned in despatches and commended by his fellow officers.

His capture by Delarey created a sensation rather proportioned to Lord Methuen's fame than to his importance. He was leading a very small and faint echo of the armies he earlier commanded, having but thirteen hundred men under him when captured. Because he is the first general to be captured on the British side the affair gains an extra sensational importance. Yet it must be remembered that Methuen himself had killed one Boer general and captured at least one other, while of killed or captured the Boers have lost altogether fully a score of leaders, each of whom was as important to their side as Lord Methuen was to his brethren-in-arms.

Methuen is an aristocrat of the aristocrats in his bearing, his looks and his tastes. He is a very pious man, much given to consulting his Bible and to long periods of prayer before engaging in battle. He is a tall, stately, impressive figure of a man and soldierly to the last degree. He is calm and self-possessed in peace and in war council, but when a battle rages he invariably grows excited and often loses his self control.



Lord Methuen



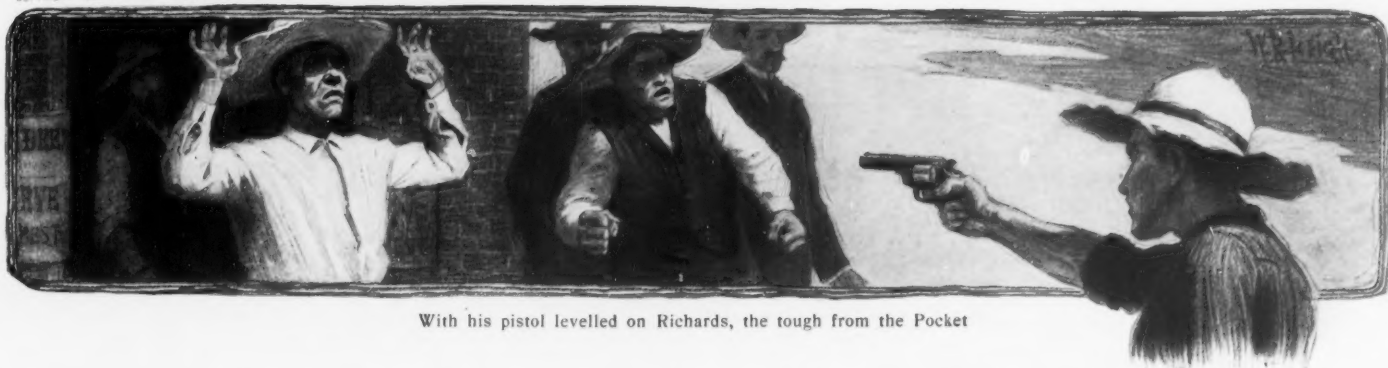
General Delarey



## A BAD SPILL

Drawn by A. B. Frost





With his pistol levelled on Richards, the tough from the Pocket

## A Crisis for the Guard

By JOHN FOX, JR., Author of "The Kentuckians," "Bluegrass," "A Cumberland Vendetta," Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. R. LEIGH

THE TUTOR was from New England, and he was precisely what passes, with Southerners, as typical. He was thin, he wore spectacles, he talked dreamy abstractions, and he looked clerical. Indeed, his ancestors had been clergymen for generations, and, by nature and principle, he was an apostle of peace and a non-combatant. He had just come to the Gap—a cleft in the Cumberland Mountains—to prepare two young Bluegrass Kentuckians for Harvard. The railroad was still thirty miles away, and he had travelled mule-back through mudholes, on which, as the joke ran, a traveller was supposed to leave his card before he entered and disappeared—that his successor might not unknowingly press him too hard. I do know that, in those mudholes, mules were sometimes drowned. The tutor's gray mule fell over a bank with him, and he would have gone back had he not feared what was behind more than anything that was possible ahead. He was mud-bespattered, sore, tired and dispirited when he reached the Gap, but still plucky and full of business. He wanted to see his pupils at once and arrange his schedule. They came in after supper, and I had to laugh when I saw his mild eyes open. The boys were only fifteen and seventeen, but each had around him a huge revolver and a belt of cartridges which he unbuckled and laid on the table, after shaking hands. The tutor's shining glasses were raised to me for light. I gave it; my brothers had just come in from a little police duty, I explained. Everybody was a policeman at the Gap, I added; and, naturally, he still looked puzzled; but he began at once to question the boys about their studies, and, in an hour, he had his daily schedule mapped out and submitted to me. I had to cover my mouth with my hand when I came to one item—"Exercise: a walk of half an hour every Wednesday afternoon between five and six"—for the younger, known since at Harvard as the Colonel, and known then at the Gap as the Infant of the Guard, winked most irreverently. As he had just come back from a ten-mile chase down the Valley on horseback after a bad butcher, and as either was apt to have a like experience any and every day, I was not afraid they would fail to get exercise enough; so I let that item of the tutor pass.

The tutor slept in my room that night, and my four brothers, the eldest of whom was a lieutenant on the police guard, in a room across the hallway. I explained to the tutor that there was much lawlessness in the region; that we "foreigners" were trying to build a town, and that, to ensure law and order, we had all become volunteer policemen. He seemed to think it was most interesting.

About three o'clock in the morning a shrill whistle blew, and, from habit, I sprang out of bed. I had hardly struck the floor when four pairs of heavy boots thundered down the stairs just outside the door, and I heard a gasp from the startled tutor. He was bolt upright in bed, and his face in the moonlight was white with fear.

"What—what's that?"

I told him that it was a police whistle and that the boys were answering it. Everybody jumped when he heard a whistle, I explained; for nobody in town was permitted to blow one except a policeman. I guessed there would be enough men answering that whistle without me, however, and I slipped back into bed.

"Well," he said; and when the boys lumbered upstairs again and one shouted through the door, "All right!" the tutor said again with emphasis: "Well!"

Next day there was to be a political gathering at the Gap. A Senator was trying to lift himself by his own bootstraps into the Governor's chair. He was going to make a speech, there would be a big and unruly crowd, and it would be a crucial day for the Guard. So, next morning, I suggested to the tutor that it would be unwise for him to begin work with his pupils that day, for the reason that he was likely to be greatly interrupted and often. He thought, however, he would like to begin. He did begin, and within half an hour Gordon, the town sergeant, thrust his head inside the door and called the Colonel by name.

"Come on," he said; "they're going to try that d—n butcher." And seeing from the tutor's face that he had done something dreadful, he slammed the door in apologetic confusion. The tutor was law-abiding, and it was the law that called the Colonel, and so the tutor let him go—nay, went with him and heard the case. The butcher had gone off on another man's horse—the man owed him money, he said, and the only way he could get his money was to take the horse as security. But the sergeant did not know this, and he and the Colonel rode after him, and the Colonel, having the swifter horse, but not having had time to get his own pistol, took the sergeant's and went ahead. He fired quite close to the running butcher twice, and the butcher thought it wise to halt. When he saw the child who had captured him he was speechless, and he got off his horse and cut a big switch to give the Colonel a whipping, but the doughty Infant drew down on him again and made him ride, foaming with rage, back to town. The butcher was good-natured at the trial, however, and the tutor heard him say, with a great guffaw:

"An' I do believe the d—n little fool would 'a' shot me." Once more the tutor looked at the pupil whom he was to lead into the classic halls of Harvard, and once more he said: "Well!"

People were streaming into town now, and I persuaded the tutor that there was no use for him to begin his studies again. He said he would go fishing down the river and take a swim. He would get back in time to hear the speaking in the afternoon. So I got him a horse, and he came out with a long cane fishing-pole and a pair of saddle-bags. I told him that he must watch the old nag or she would run away with him, particularly when he started homeward. The tutor was not much of a centaur. The horse started as he was throwing the wrong leg over his saddle, and the tutor clamped his rod under one arm, clutching for the reins with both hands and kicking for his stirrups with both feet. The tip of the limber pole beat the horse's flank gently as she struck a trot, and smartly as she struck into a lope, and so with arms, feet, saddle-pockets, and fishing-rod flapping toward different points of the compass, the tutor passed out of sight over Poplar Hill on a dead run.

As soon as he could get over a fit of laughter and catch his breath, the Colonel asked:

"Do you know what he had in those saddle-pockets?"

"No."

"A bathing suit," he shouted; and he went off again.

Not even in a primeval forest, it seemed, would the modest Puritan bare his body to the mirror of limpid water and the caress of mountain air.

The trouble had begun early that morning, when Gordon, the town sergeant, stepped from his door and started down the street with no little self-satisfaction. He had been arraying himself for a full hour, and after a tub bath and a shave he stepped, spick and span, into the street with his head steadily held high, except when he bent it to look at the shine of his boots, which was the work of his own hands, and of which he was proud. As a matter of fact, the sergeant felt that he looked just as he particularly wanted to look on that day—his best. Gordon was a native of Wise, but that day a girl was coming from Lee, and he was ready for her.

Opposite the Intermont, a pistol shot cracked from Cherokee Avenue, and from habit he started that way. Logan, the captain of the Guard—the leading lawyer in that part of the State—was ahead of him, however, and he called to Gordon to follow. Gordon ran in the grass along the road to keep those boots out of the dust. Somebody had fired off his pistol for fun and was making tracks for the river. As they pushed the miscreant close, he dashed into the river to wade across. It was a very cold morning, and Gordon prayed that the captain was not going to be such a fool as to follow the fellow across the river. He should have known better.

"In with you," said the captain quietly, and the mirror of the shining boots was dimmed, and the icy water chilled the sergeant to the knees and made him so mad that he flashed his pistol and told the runaway to halt, which he did in the middle of the stream. It was Richards, the tough from "the Pocket," and, as he paid his fine promptly, they had to let him go. Gordon went back, put on his everyday clothes and got his billy and his whistle and prepared to see the maid from Lee when his duty should let him. As a matter of fact, he saw her but once, and then he was not made happy.

The people had come in rapidly—giants from the Crab Orchard, mountaineers from through the Gap, and from Cracker's Neck and Thunderstruck Knob; Valley people from Little Stone Gap, from the furnace site and Bum Hollow and Wildest, and people from Lee, from Turkey Cove, and from the Pocket—the much-dreaded Pocket—far down in the river hills.

They came on foot and on horseback, and left their horses in the bushes and crowded the streets and filled the saloon of one Jack Woods—who had the cackling laugh of Satan and did not like the Guard, for good reasons, and whose particular pleasure was to persuade some customer to stir up a hornet's nest of trouble. From the saloon the crowd moved up toward the big spring at the foot of Imboden Hill, where, under beautiful trunk-mottled beeches, was built the speaker's platform. Precisely at three o'clock the local orator, much flurried, rose, ran his hand through his long hair and looked in silence over the crowd.

"Fellow citizens! There's beauty in the stars of night and in the glowin' orb of day. There's beauty in the rollin' meadow and in the quiet stream. There's beauty in the smilin' valley and in the everlastin' hills. Therefore, fellow citizens—THEREFORE, fellow citizens, allow me to introduce to you the future Governor of these United States—Senator William Bayhorne." And he sat down with such a beatific smile of self-satisfaction that a fiend would not have had the heart to say he had not won.

Now, there are wandering minstrels yet in the Cumberland

Hills. They play fiddles and go about making up "ballads" that involve local history. Sometimes they make a pretty good verse—this, for instance, about a feud:

"The death of these two men  
Caused great trouble in our land,  
Caused men to leave their families  
And take the parting hand.  
Retaliation, still at war,  
May never, never cease,  
I would that I could only see  
Our land once more at peace."

There was a minstrel out in the crowd, and pretty soon he struck up his fiddle and his lay, and he did not exactly sing the virtues of Billy Bayhorne. Evidently some partisan thought he ought, for he smote him on the thigh with the toe of his boot and raised such a stir as a rude stranger might had he smitten a troubadour in Arthur's court. The crowd thickened and surged, and four of the Guard emerged with the fiddler and his assailant under arrest. It was as though the Valley were a sheet of water straightway and the fiddler the dropping of a stone, for the ripple of mischief started in every direction. It caught two mountaineers on the edge of the crowd, who for no particular reason thumped each other with their huge fists, and were swiftly led away by that silent Guard. The operation of a mysterious force was in the air and it puzzled the crowd. Somewhere a whistle would blow, and, from this point and that, a quiet, well-dressed young man would start swiftly toward it. The crowd, got restless and uneasy, and, by and by, experimental and defiant. For in that crowd was the spirit of Bunker Hill and King's Mountain. It couldn't fiddle and sing; it couldn't settle its little troubles after the good old fashion of fist and skull; it couldn't charge up and down the streets on horseback if it pleased; it couldn't ride over those puncheon sidewalks; it couldn't drink openly and without shame; and, Shades of the American Eagle and the Stars and Stripes, it couldn't even yell! No wonder, like the heathen, it raged. What did these blanked "furriners" have against them anyhow? They couldn't run their country—not much.

Pretty soon there came a shrill whistle far down town—then another and another. It sounded ominous indeed, and it was; being a signal of distress from the Infant of the Guard, who stood before the door of Jack Woods's saloon with his pistol levelled on Richards, the tough from the Pocket—the Infant, standing there with blazing eyes, alone and in the heart of a gathering storm.

Now the chain of lawlessness that had tightened was curious and significant. There was the tough and his kind—lawless, irresponsible and possible in any community. There was the farm-hand who had come to town with the wild son of his employer—an honest, law-abiding farmer. Came, too, a friend of the farmer who had not yet reaped the crop of wild oats sown in his youth. Whiskey ran all into one mold. The farm-hand drank with the tough, the wild son with the farm-hand, and the three drank together, and got the farmer's unregenerate friend to drink with them; and he and the law-abiding farmer himself, by and by, took a drink for old time's sake. Now the cardinal command of rural and municipal districts all through the South is, "Forsake not your friend"; and it does not take whiskey long to make friends. Jack Woods had given the tough from the Pocket a whistle.

"You dassen't blow it," said he.

Richards asked why, and Jack told him. Straightway the tough blew the whistle, and when the little Colonel ran down to arrest him he laughed and resisted, and the wild son and the farm-hand and Jack Woods showed an inclination to take his part. So, holding his "drop" on the tough with one hand, the Infant blew vigorously for help with the other.

Logan, the captain, arrived first—he usually arrived first—and Gordon, the sergeant, was by his side—Gordon was always by his side. He would have stormed a battery if the captain had led him, and the captain would have led him—alone—if he thought it was his duty. Logan was as calm as a stage hero at the crisis of a play. The crowd had pressed close.

"Take that man," he said sharply, pointing to the tough whom the Colonel held covered, and two men seized him from behind.

The farm-hand drew his gun.

"No, you don't!" he shouted.

"Take him," said the captain quietly; and he was seized by two more and disarmed.

It was then that Sturgeon, the wild son, ran up.

"You can't take that man to jail," he shouted with an oath, pointing at the farm-hand.

The captain waved his hand. "And him!"

As two of the Guard approached, Sturgeon started for his gun. Now, Sturgeon was Gordon's blood cousin, but Gordon levelled his own pistol. Sturgeon's weapon caught in his pocket and he tried to pull it loose. The moment he succeeded, Gordon stood ready to fire. Twice the hammer of the sergeant's pistol went back almost to the turning-point, and then, as he pulled the trigger again, Macfarlan,



The tutor from New England came like a thunderbolt to the rescue

first lieutenant, who once played lacrosse at Yale, rushed, parting the crowd right and left, and dropped his bulgy lightly three times—right, left and right—on Sturgeon's head. The blood spouted, the head fell back between the bully's shoulders, his grasp on his pistol loosened, and he sank to his knees. For a moment the crowd was stunned by the lightning quickness of it all. It was the first blow every struck in that country with a piece of wood in the name of the law.

"Take 'em on, boys," called the captain, whose face had paled a little, though he seemed as cool as ever.

And the boys started, dragging the three struggling prisoners, and the crowd, growing angrier and angrier, pressed close behind a hundred of them, led by the farmer himself, a giant in size, and beside himself with rage and humiliation. Once he broke through the guard line and was pushed back. Knives and pistols began to flash now everywhere, and loud threats and curses rose on all sides—the men should not be taken to jail. The sergeant, dragging Sturgeon, looked up into the blazing eyes of a girl on the sidewalk, Sturgeon's sister—the maid from Lee. The sergeant groaned. Logan gave some order just then to the Infant, who ran ahead, and by the time the Guard with the prisoners had backed to a corner there were two lines of Guards drawn across the street. The first line let the prisoners and their captors through, closed up behind, and backed slowly toward the corner, where it meant to stand.

It was very exciting there. Winchester and shotguns protruded from the line threateningly, but the mob came on as though it were going to press through, and determined faces blenched with excitement but not with fear. A moment later, the little Colonel and the Guards on either side of him were jabbing at men with cocked Winchester. At that moment it would have needed but one shot to ring out to have started an awful carnage; but not yet was there a man in the mob—and that is the trouble with mobs—who seemed willing to make a sacrifice of himself that the others might gain their end. For one moment they halted, cursing and waving their pistols, preparing for a charge; and in that crucial moment the tutor from New England came like a thunderbolt to the rescue. Shrieks of terror from children, shrieks of outraged modesty from women rent the air down the street where the huddled crowd was rushing right and left in wild confusion, and, through the parting crowd, the tutor flew into sight on horseback, bareheaded, barefooted, clad in a gaudy striped bathing suit, with his saddle pockets flapping behind him like wings. Some mischievous mountaineers, seeing him in his bathing suit on the point of a rock up the river, had joyously taken a pot-shot or two at him, and the tutor had mounted his horse and fled. But he came as welcome and as effective as an emissary straight from the God of Battles, though he came against his will, for his old nag was frantic and was running away. Men, women and children parted before him, and gaping mouths widened as he passed. The impulse of the crowd ran faster than his horse, and even the enraged mountaineers in amazed wonder sprang out of his way, and, far in the rear, a few privileged ones saw the frantic horse plunge toward his stable, stop suddenly, and pitch his mottled rider through the door and mercifully out of sight. Human purpose must give way when a pure miracle comes to earth to

baffle it. It gave way now long enough to let the oaken doors of the calaboose close behind tough, farm-hand, and the farmer's wild son. The line of Winchester at the corner quietly gave way. The power of the Guard was established, the backbone of the opposition broken; henceforth, the work for law and order was to be easy compared with what it had been. Up at the big spring under the beeches sat the disgusted orator of the day and the disgusted Senator, who, seriously, was quite

spoke anything but the literal truth, whether it hurt friend, foe or himself.

After court, Richards, the tough, met Gordon, the sergeant, in the road. "Gordon," he said, "you swore to a — lie about me a while ago."

"How do you want to fight?" asked Gordon.

"Fair!"

"Come on," and Gordon started for the town limits across the river, Richards following on horseback. At a store, Gordon unbuckled his belt and tossed his pistol and his police badge inside. Jack Woods, seeing this, followed, and the Infant, seeing Woods, followed too. The law was law, but this affair was personal, and would be settled without the limits of law and local obligation. Richards tried to talk to Gordon, but the sergeant walked with his head down, as though he could not hear—he was too enraged to talk.

While Richards was hitching his horse in the bushes the sergeant stood on the bank of the river with his arms folded and his chin swinging from side to side. When he saw Richards in the open he rushed for him like a young bull that feels the first swelling of his horns. It was not a fair, stand-up, knock-down English fight, but a Scotch tussle, in which either could strike, kick, bite or gouge. After a few blows, they clung and whirled and fell, Gordon on top—with which advantage he began to pound the tough from the Pocket savagely. Woods made as if to pull him off, but the Infant drew his pistol. "Keep off!"

"He's killing him!" shouted Woods, halting.

"Let him holler 'Enough,' then," said the Infant.

"He's killing him!" shouted Woods.

"Let Gordon's friends take him off, then," said the Infant.

"Don't you touch him."

And it was done. Richards was senseless and speechless—he really couldn't shout "Enough." But he was content, and the day left a very satisfactory impression on him and on his friends. If they misbehaved in town they would be arrested; that was plain. But it was also plain that if anybody had a personal grievance against one of the Guard he could call him out of the town limits and get satisfaction, after the way of his fathers. There was nothing personal at all in the attitude of the Guard toward the outsiders; which recognition was a great stride toward mutual understanding and final high regard.

All that day I saw that something was troubling the tutor from New England. It was the Moral Sense of the Puritan at work, I supposed, and, that night, when I came in with a new supply of "billies" and gave one to each of my brothers, the tutor looked up over his glasses and cleared his throat.

"Now," said I to myself, "we shall catch it hot on the savagery of the South and the barbarous Method of keeping it down;" but before he had said three words, the Colonel looked as though he were going to get up and slap the little dignity on the back—which would have created a sensation indeed.

"Have you an extra one of those—those—"

"Billies?" I said, wonderingly.

"Yes, I—I believe I shall join the Guard myself," said the tutor from New England.

THE END



The day left a very satisfactory impression on him and on his friends

sure that the Guard, being composed of Democrats, had taken this way to shatter his campaign.

Next morning, in court, the members of the Guard acted as witnesses against the culprits. Macfarlan stated that he had struck Sturgeon over the head to save his life, and Sturgeon, after he had paid his fine, said he would prefer being shot to being clubbed to death, and he bore dangerous malice for a long time, until he learned what everybody else knew, that Macfarlan always did what he thought he ought, and never

## TWO EAGLES & By Ernest Neal Lyon

Slay, for a sober moral, revelry, song and mirth.  
Why should our eagles quarrel? Both are of noble birth.  
Both for the summit flying—up to the furthest ken;  
Each with the other vying—types of our fighting men.

Saxon to strike and harry, Teuton to tame and hold!  
This be the toast we carry back to our comrades bold!  
Whether the foe he faces, clear, on the firing line—  
Or, as a sentry, paces, keeping "Die Wacht am Rhein!"

Hourly the globe grows smaller; science hath potent will.  
Hourly may men wax taller, feeling her mystic thrill!  
Saxon the truth divining, Teuton to probe and weigh.  
Up! where the stars are shining, watch for the coming Day!



## Recent Changes Affecting Appointments to the United States Naval Academy

WHILE we have grown very rapidly in naval vessels during the last fifteen years, our growth in naval officers has not kept pace. Until very recently, no more provision for naval officers had been made for our new and more modern navy than had been sufficient to officer the wooden vessels of earlier days. Congress was finally made to appreciate this fact so keenly that, in the bill approved June 7, 1900, making appropriations for the navy during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1901, provision was made for a substantial increase in the number of naval cadets allowed at the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md. That act provided that—

"Whenever any naval cadet shall have finished four years of his undergraduate course of six years, the succeeding appointment may be made from his Congressional district, or at large, in accordance with existing law.

"The appointees to follow the two classes of cadets now at sea may enter the Academy during the present year; and those to succeed the class which is now finishing its four years of study shall be appointed before March 4 next to enter the Academy during the year nineteen hundred and one."

### MORE NAVAL CADETS WANTED

This provision virtually made an increase of thirty-three and a third per cent in the number of cadets allowed at the Naval Academy during any given time by reducing the course at the Academy from six to four years and allowing a new cadet to be appointed from each Congressional district and organized Territory, as well as from the District of Columbia and at large, every four years instead of every six years as had been the law and the practice up to that time. But the recent changes made in the regulations governing the time and manner of holding the preliminary examinations for admission into the Naval Academy have been even more radical.

Prior to the admission of the class which reported at the Naval Academy in 1901, it had been necessary for each candidate for admission into the United States Naval Academy as a cadet, to go to Annapolis, Md., and stand his preliminary examination there; and, if he failed to measure up to the full standard of the requirements, he was rejected and had to lose out of his own pocket the entire expenses of his fruitless trip. This was felt to be a peculiar hardship upon those who were so unfortunate as to fail in their preliminary examinations, and the authorities sought to discover some method by which this particular hardship might be in a measure avoided.

Knowing that the War Department had been in the habit of having candidates for admission into the United States Military Academy as cadets to appear for examination before boards of examiners, composed of army officers, convened at various points throughout the country, and it being inexpedient for the Navy Department to do likewise by reason of its not having officers scattered all over the interior of the country, the Navy Department undertook to utilize another agency of the government and resorted to the United States Civil Service Commission.

The experiment of having the examination for admission into the United States Naval Academy conducted by the Academic Board of the Academy, operating through the agency and under the auspices of the Civil Service Commission, was tried on August 13, 1901.

It proved to be so satisfactory that, under date of September 26, 1901, the Navy Department issued a general regulation on the subject, providing, in accordance with arrangements made with the Civil Service Commission, that hereafter, till further notice, all examinations will be held at various points throughout the United States, under the supervision of the United States Civil Service Commission, and that no examinations will be held hereafter at the Naval Academy for admission.

### HOW APPOINTMENT EXAMINATIONS ARE NOW HELD

Under the new arrangements, three examinations for admission into the Naval Academy will be held each year. The first of these examinations will be held on the third Tuesday in April, and the second examination will be held on August 11, each year, at points designated by the United States Civil Service Commission, nearest the homes of the candidates. The third of these examinations will be held at Washington, D. C., only on September 15, each year, for the accommodation of all candidates who have, for any reason, been unable to report for examination at an earlier date. When August 11 or September 15 happens to fall on Sunday, provision is made for holding the examinations on the following Monday. Under this arrangement, however, confusion will

arise, if it is not remembered that the Civil Service Commission has nothing whatever to do with the selection or appointment of cadets.

The Civil Service Commission only conducts the examinations of candidates whose names have been furnished by the Navy Department. Hence, all correspondence relative to the nominations and examinations of candidates should be addressed to the Bureau of Navigation, Navy Department, Washington, D. C.

Another very important change made in this connection is the one which relates to the appointment of alternates. It is now provided that each Representative or Delegate in Congress, having the appointment of a naval cadet, may nominate one principal and five alternates. Such alternates are to be numbered from one to five and to have priority for appointment in the same order; that is, if the principal passes, he is appointed; but if the principal fails and the first alternate passes, the first alternate is appointed; and if the principal and the first alternate both fail and the second alternate passes, the second alternate is appointed—and so on down the list till alternate number five is reached and included.

This is a very wise provision and will ensure a much fuller quota at the Academy all the time, since it will practically do away with all vacancies caused by the failure of candidates in the preliminary examinations.

### OTHER CONDITIONS OF APPOINTMENT

Under the law and regulations as they now stand, each candidate for admission into the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md., must be between the ages of fifteen and twenty years when he reports to the Superintendent of the Academy; must be unmarried; must be of good moral character; must be almost perfect physically; must be a bona fide citizen and actual resident of the Congressional district and State, the Territory, the District of Columbia or the United States at large, according to his appointment, and he must stand a satisfactory examination in reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, geography, punctuation and use of capitals, English grammar, United States history, algebra and geometry, and the outlines of the world's history.

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By Julien Gordon

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## Preparations for the Coronation—I

By H. G. Rhodes

IT IS curious enough that the effect of the approaching Coronation was felt perhaps as early as anywhere else in the frozen wilds of Siberia, where the little stoat called the ermine lives. In the summer of 1901, at the famous Great Fair of Nijni Novgorod the price of skins of this animal had already advanced fifteen per cent over the quotations of the previous year, and in the northern forests the unfortunate ermine had already, during the previous winter, felt the effects of the death of Queen Victoria. However, he had had a long period of comparative safety. Ermine has not been the most fashionable fur for almost fifty years, but now when "miniver," which is the official and heraldic term for ermine, is to figure on all the coronation robes, and in consequence, during the London season, on every cloak and gown where it could conceivably be used, an enormous supply of it will be needed.

But to come nearer home, of course the main burden of preparations has fallen upon King Edward, the Coronation officials, and—may one say?—the journalists. The amount of prophetic "copy" which has been produced during the past year is simply astounding. It goes without saying that most of it is quite unreliable. For even now, a scant four months before the great event itself, the main characteristic of the preparations is their incompleteness; and they feel sometimes at Norfolk House, it is said, that all they have done so far is to decide what questions must be settled.

But as to the inaccurate statements in the newspapers, it may be said that it has before this been discovered that sometimes the surest way to elicit information from reluctant officials is to print statements which they may be induced to deny. At any rate, it is along such a road that the press has led its readers. But the Coronation has been a godsend, for it is a subject to the description of which there is no end. Norfolk House in St. James's Square has been the headquarters of most of the work of preparation for the ceremonies of next June. The Duke of Norfolk, who is England's premier duke, is Earl Marshal, and in consequence head of the Herald's College. Broadly speaking, all the arrangements are in his hands, although he has to be guided at every point by precedent, and is advised in a thousand difficulties by the King himself. It is hard work, and the Duke, in his well-known soft felt hat—he will not wear the conventional London headgear—comes to his work almost every day, like any hard-worked city clerk. His house is full of secretaries, overrun by reporters and besieged by perceresses, eager to inspect his Grace's models of the millinery prescribed to them for Westminster Abbey. He has, however, able assistance. Many questions of tradition involving research are referred to Sir Albert Wood, who is the Garter King at Arms. And down in Pimlico any day you could find Sir Albert, a picturesque figure in black velvet coat and cap and chamois-skin gloves, which protect everything except the very tips of his fingers from the cold, hard at work, for longer hours than most young men are willing to keep, at questions of precedent and heraldry. He is an old man of eighty-six years, and the only person who walked in Victoria's Coronation procession who will have the right to do so when her son is crowned.

Sir Francis Knollys is another man who has been kept without much leisure by "Coronation correspondence." As his Majesty's private secretary, he has received communications on every imaginable subject. Not only is he troubled by legitimate inquiries, but there have been people with a house to let,

who wanted the route of the Coronation procession entirely changed so that they might make a year's rent out of a couple of first-floor windows. Then, again, an amazing number of authors are about to dedicate their books to the King this year; and a host of stupid parents want "permission" to call their offspring after his Majesty or the Queen. The number of really distinguished persons who are moving heaven and earth by writing to the King himself to make sure of a seat in the Abbey is astonishing. Altogether, Sir Francis has been having a lively time.

The business of the Court of Claims, which sat at various times during half a year, is now over. Until it had decided whose right it was to exercise various functions at the Coronation ceremonial the world stood still, so to speak. The court sat, with great solemnity, in a dingy room at the Privy Council Office in Downing Street, the Lord Chancellor very splendid in black and gold, and the other members in the knickerbockers and elaborate coats of levee dress. When it moved it was with great dignity and with strict attention to precedent, Lord Halsbury leading, with his Mace and Purse, the Great Seal of England inside it, going before him and with his train-

bearers following.

And the arguments before the court were infinitely learned. Who should carry the Golden Spurs before his Majesty? Who should find a glove for the King's right hand? Who should go before the King with a White Rod in his hand on Coronation Day? Should the Lord Mayor of London attend the Coronation carrying a silver sceptre or mace? Now that there was to be no banquet, could the court allow the claim of the lord of the manor of Addington "to find a man on the Coronation Day to make in the King's kitchen a mess of Gerolmi, et st apponatur sagina, then it is called Malpigeromi"? These are some of the fateful questions upon which the Court of Claims deliberated. A full record of them makes as quaint and curious reading as one could wish to find. Precedent has enormous power in England, yet the competing peers and their council found plenty of matter for dispute. Indeed, when one remembers that it is uncertain how the National Anthem is to be begun one is not surprised that less important matters should be only vaguely understood.

Only the other day the King was asked, in vain, to decide whether his loyal subjects should sing in his honor "God save our lord the King," or "God save our noble King." Just how seriously the various claimants regarded their claim is doubtful. The probability is that neither Lord Grey de Ruthyn, Lord Loudoun nor Lord Hastings was desperately anxious to carry his Majesty's Golden Spurs before his royal person at the Coronation. But each of them was very eager that neither of his noble brethren should filch the distinction for himself. Readers of Lord Byron's letters will remember how the poet combined ardent democratic theories with great pride in being a nobleman. In 1821 he wrote from Ravenna: "I shall not return to England for the present, but I wish you to send me (obtain it) my summons as a peer to the Coronation (from curiosity), and let me know if we have any claims in our family (as connected with Sherwood Forest) to carry any part of the mummery, that they may not lapse, but by being presented be preserved to my successor." And this probably represents fairly accurately the modern state of mind.

It will be remembered that a rumor was current one time that Mr. W. W. Astor hoped, by acquiring the manor of Scrivelsby, to play the rôle of King's Champion, and that two continents were edified by a picture of



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the gentleman in armor on a white horse defeating the enemies of Edward VII. But the King's Champion, although still a member of the family of Dymoke, has nothing to do now. His was, perhaps, the most romantic figure of old-time crowning. The Scottish Jacobites long believed a legend that at the coronation of George III, the young Pretender was present and threw down his glove to the Champion. The truth of the matter seems to be that a lady in the gallery accidentally dropped her glove, and that the King's Champion picked it up and smilingly asked, "Who is my fair opponent?"

Americans who come to London this spring for the first time will miss one of its greatest sights, for they will not see the interior of Westminster Abbey. The fact that from about the first of April the great church is to be closed to the public gives one a better idea than anything else possibly could of the extent of the preparations necessary there before next June. About five thousand people must have places where they can see the coronation. And an enormous part of the usual floor spaces must be kept clear for the great procession from the west door, and for the ceremonial of enthronement and homage which takes place beneath the central tower. Besides, finding places for the happy persons who have seats assigned them is not quite the same thing as providing stalls in a theatre. A person arrayed in trailing robes of crimson and ermine, carrying her coronet before her, is not so easily managed as when she is wearing ordinary evening dress. Furthermore, some of the peeresses have an idea that they would like to have their trains borne by pages. And one never knows what will happen. Several regulations which were announced as unalterable have been modified because some of the interested ladies unburdened their minds in Norfolk House, or perhaps even in a more exalted residence. All this means that the Abbey as it stands would be totally inadequate as to seating capacity and that tiers of seats must be built wherever they can be. The estimates for the raw material required for this work are already in, and the sum mentioned is ten thousand pounds! The appearance of the Abbey is not likely to be improved by these stands, as any one can tell who cares to read Mr. Somers Clark's article in the "Nineteenth Century" or to look up any of the cuts of Victoria's coronation in the "Gentleman's Magazine," for example. But probably no one would unselfishly sacrifice his seat in order to improve the *mise en scene*.

It is not yet settled what is to be done about the renovation of the Coronation Chair. In the Jubilee year the modern lions were freshly gilt, but much more might be done. This chair has suffered so much from mutilation that one wishes Edward I. had carried out his original idea and made it of bronze. It is improbable that a schoolboy would then have been able to carve on it the legend, "P. Abbott slept in this chair, July, 1800."

For many coronations it has been the custom to cover the chair with cloth of gold, but ancient drawings, and the remains of its fine work, show that at one time it required no such clothing. Its excellent workmanship is a credit to Walter of Durham, who finished it in 1301, and was paid, according to the wardrobe accounts of Edward I., one hundred shillings for its manufacture, with a further sum of thirteen shillings and fourpence for carving, painting and gilding the leopards. A little later "Master Walter" was paid one pound nineteen shillings and sevenpence for making a "step at the foot of the new chair in which is the stone from Scotland, in pursuance of the order of the King."

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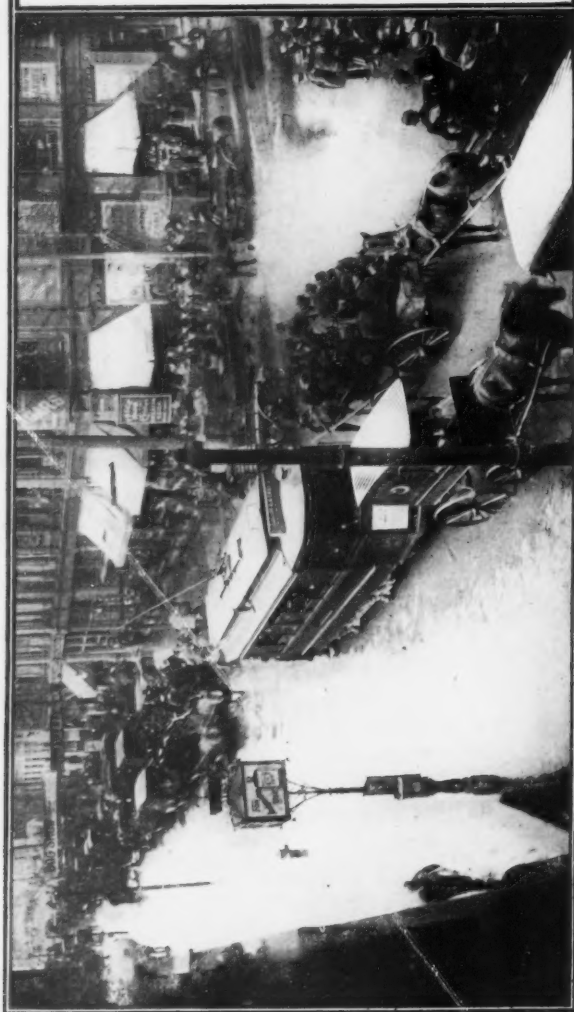
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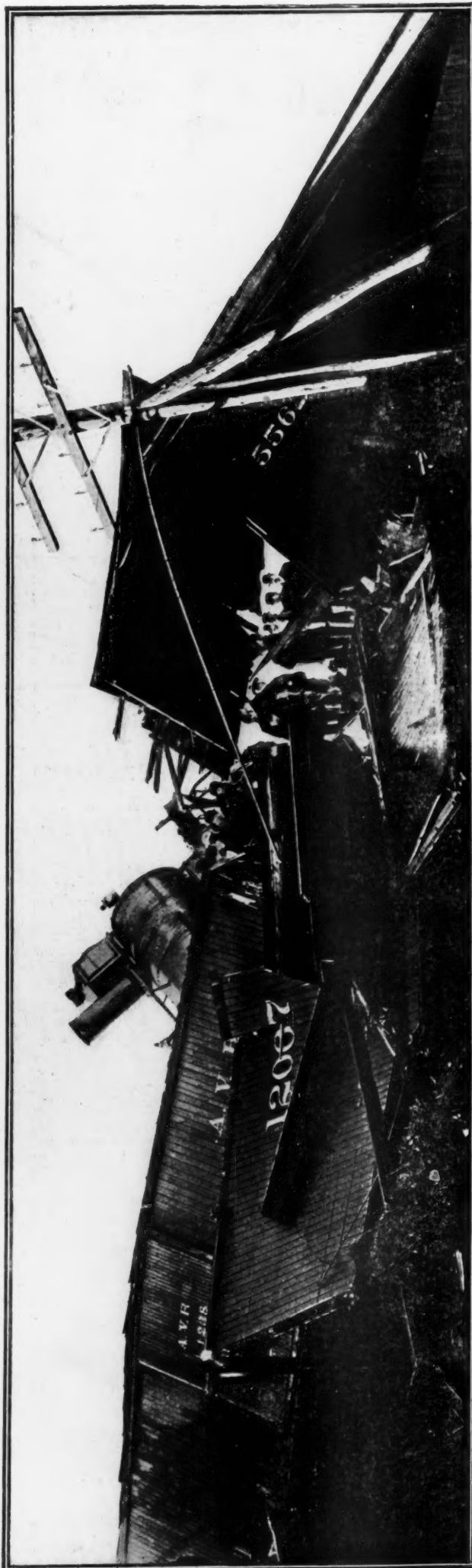
# THE RECENT FLOODS AND RAILROAD DISASTER IN THE EAST



Pittsburg—Sixth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, when the Water was Rising



Allegheny—Distributing Supplies through the Tenement District during High Water

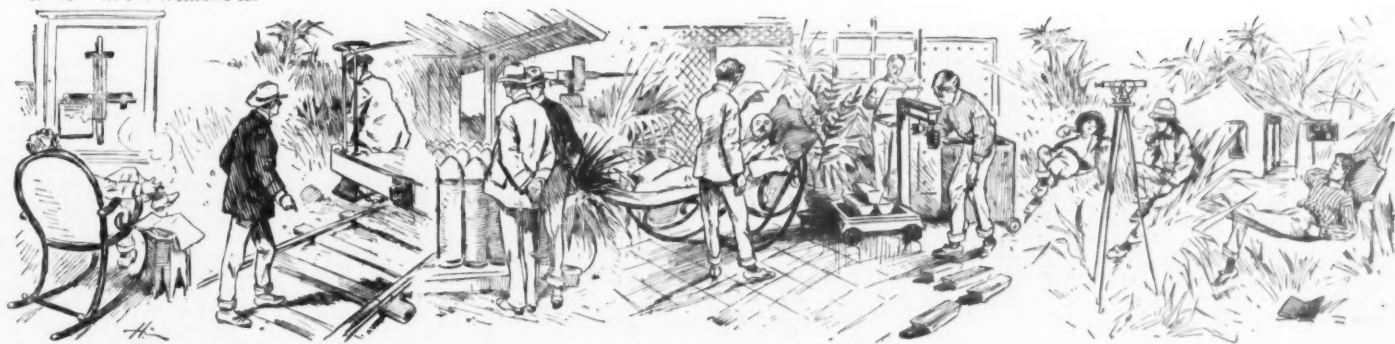


Under this Mass of Steel, Iron and Wrecked Cars Three Men were Buried at Philmont, N. Y.

The storms and ensuing freshets of March were more or less directly responsible for no little loss of life, in addition to the widespread destruction of property and interruption of traffic in New York and neighboring States. Because of washouts, landslides, ice gorges, the sweeping away of bridges, and all the calamities attendant upon a series of almost unprecedented spring freshets, railroad travel became extremely hazardous. Pennsylvania has had its share of trouble; Pittsburg and Allegheny having suffered severely. At Philmont, on the Harlem Railroad, between Chatham and White Plains, N. Y., a south-bound freight train, on Saturday morning, the 1st inst., ran into a washout twenty-five feet long and fifteen feet deep, and the engine and three cars were thrown down a steep thirty-foot embankment. Edward Stewart, the engineer, and Clarence Waltemier, the fireman, were caught between the boiler and tank of the engine, and both instantly killed. Frank Clark, a brakeman, was also buried in the wreckage, and died a few minutes after being taken out



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## OPPORTUNITIES IN THE CIVIL SERVICE

By JOHN R. PROCTER, Civil Service Commissioner

### CIVIL SERVICE CHANGES



JOHN R. PROCTER

THE CIVIL SERVICE of the United States has been subjected to changes both by revolution and by evolution.

It was the intention of the founders of our government that the tenure of all administrative officers should be determined by the efficiency of their service. Madison, who has been known as the "Exponent of the Constitution," said that the removal of a meritorious officer should be an impeachable offense. The practice of retaining efficient officers had been uniformly followed during the first forty years of our government, before the tenure of administrative officers became in practice dependent upon their political affiliations. The foundation for this change of method was laid in 1820, when the Tenure of Office Act was passed fixing the term of many important officers at four years. But Presidents Monroe and John Quincy Adams had successively construed this act as intended merely to require the periodical review of the official conduct of such officers, and accordingly had uniformly reappointed those whose official records were good. During the Administration of President Jackson, however, beginning in 1829, this practice was abandoned, and the offices thus vacated by the expiration of the four years' terms were given to partisans of the Administration as rewards for party services; and these vacancies were added to by means of removals made for that purpose. In 1836 the principle of four years' tenure was extended to all postmasters receiving a compensation of one thousand dollars a year or more, and the evil of political tenure was extended downward even to subordinate positions.

Thus by a revolution in the principles governing the admission to and tenure of office the "Spoils System" was introduced into our civil service and the exigencies of partisan politics substituted for the efficiency of the service itself as a ground for making appointments and removals of administrative officers. Under this practice the service became demoralized, inefficient and in many instances corrupt, as was shown by Congressional and Departmental investigations which aroused public opinion and paved the way for the passage of the Civil Service law. Obviously under this system the "opportunities" of the service were reserved for the henchmen of politicians and were therefore equally unattainable and unattractive to educated and trained men who relied upon the merit and efficiency of their service alone as a basis for their employment.

The counter revolution is represented by the Civil Service Act of 1883, which was intended, first, to restore the merit tenure as contemplated by the founders of the government; second, to enable the government to obtain by means of open competitive examinations the services of the persons best qualified to do the work required to be done; and, third, to improve the political life of the country by removing the temptation and opportunity to use the offices as rewards for party and personal services.

### EVOLUTION OF THE SERVICE

That the Civil Service law did not sooner accomplish the results expected of it was due largely to the great numbers of the higher positions in the service which, under the early rules, were excepted from the requirement of competitive entrance examination. Practically all the higher positions in the service being thus still open to political appointment, and hence not accessible by promotion from the lower grades, there was less incentive to the young men and young women who wished to make a career in the public service to enter the examinations.

Ever since the passage of the Civil Service Act, however, the service has been undergoing a gradual but constant evolution: the higher positions, such as chief clerks, chiefs of divisions, and the like, together with all sorts of positions requiring technical or professional qualifications, have been progressively subjected to the competitive principle; at the same time the facilities for education throughout the country have been improved and extended, working in harmony with the evolution in the service, and many men of higher education and training have been brought into the public service. Just as this evolution has progressed, bringing the higher positions in the service within the principle of selection on account of merit and removing them from the domain of political patronage, the opportunities presented to men and women of worth and education, both for entrance to and advancement in the service, have increased.

This is shown by the increasing number of persons appointed in the lower grades who have been advanced to the higher positions which might still be regarded as the property of patronage. For instance, the present Director of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, the Director of the Geological Survey, the Superintendent of the Life-Saving Service, the Third Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and the Secretary to the President are all men who came into the service in lower grades and were advanced after long and efficient service.

In order to induce men to accept promotions in such positions outside of the classified service provision was made in the civil service rules that any person so promoted might, provided he remained continuously in the service, be transferred back to the position from which he had been promoted or to any other position to which he might have been transferred therefrom.

In like manner a number of persons have been promoted from the lower grades to positions of chief clerks and chiefs of divisions in the Departments at Washington, while this tendency toward the advancement of merit within the service is growing outside of Washington as well. This is well illustrated by the recent appointment of Mr. G. W. Whitehead as Appraiser of the Port of New York. After long and faithful service in lower grades in the customs service, he was sent to Porto Rico as Collector of Customs for the Port of San Juan, and was subsequently appointed by the President as Appraiser of the most important port in the United States.

Thus it will be seen that the opportunities presented to those who enter the lower grades of the service to reach positions of high trust and responsibility are continually increasing.

### POSITIONS TO BE SECURED

Among the positions to which entrance is now secured through open competitive examination the following may be mentioned as affording ready access to the service as well as opportunities for advancement: Stenographer, fourth assistant examiner in the Patent Office, scientific assistant in the Department of Agriculture, civil engineer, topographer, draughtsman, aid and computer in the Coast Supply, and other technical positions.

To this list may be added the position of department assistant in the Philippines civil service, for which examinations are to be held by the United States Civil Service Commission. These examinations are intended to secure men who are fitted not only for entrance to the service in the Philippines but who have already developed qualifications which evidence their fitness for advancement to positions of the highest responsibility in the service. With this end in view, the examinations were made to consist of a basis examination which can be passed by any man who is a good English scholar, with a knowledge of mathematics, of our history, Constitution and government, of commerce, territorial government and administration, and of political economy, as taught in the colleges of the country. Optional examinations are also provided on the subjects of finance, civil engineering, sanitary science, agriculture, municipal administration, educational methods, chemistry, botany, mineralogy, forestry, theory and practice of statistics, geology, and other subjects, any number of which may be taken by any competitor according to his inclination and ability. These optionals will be changed somewhat from time to time as the needs of the Philippines service may require. It is thought that this method of examination may be advantageously introduced into our Federal service.

These examinations were held in pursuance of the rigid civil service law which was put into effect in the Philippines in September, 1900, by the terms of which, after October, 1902, all appointments throughout the service, above the entrance grades, are to be filled by promotion. Furthermore, in the selection of persons to fill positions in the Philippines service which for the present are excepted from examination, the same degree of care has been exercised as in the case of the competitive positions. The Secretary of War in his last annual report says of the appointments since the establishment of civil government under the Taft Commission: "No officer, high or low, has been appointed upon any one's request, or upon any personal, social or political considerations."

### THE PRESIDENT WILL UPHOLD CIVIL SERVICE

President Roosevelt has publicly declared that political considerations will have absolutely no weight in any appointment from the United States in our insular territories and that ascertained merit shall be the only basis. As evidence of the evolution of public sentiment in this connection the Secretary of War says further on in the same report: "It is gratifying to be able to report that the members of both Houses of Congress and other gentlemen accustomed and entitled to be heard regarding appointments to office, without exception, upon be-

coming satisfied that the principles and methods of selection above stated were being applied in all cases without discrimination, have cheerfully acquiesced in and approved the course followed."

We can therefore promise to the young men who go into the Philippines service a tenure for good behavior and efficient service, non-interference by politicians or by political changes at home, and promotion upon merit to the very highest grades. The field thus opened up to well-trained young men is a wide and alluring one, presenting many opportunities, and will doubtless have a reflex influence upon the service in the United States.

While it is true that the Federal service does not hold out the large rewards held out by the great industrial and commercial enterprises, there is a growing disposition on the part of educated persons to accept service under the government at less compensation than is paid for a like service in private life. This is attributable to a growing unselfishness of devotion to public duty and to the increasing honor attached to public service as it is placed upon a basis of merit, as well as to the security of tenure and of the emoluments of office, the educational and other advantages incidental to residence in Washington, and to the exceptional advantages offered by the government itself in its far-reaching scientific activities by reason of which it may be properly styled the greatest university in the world for the training of young men who wish to follow careers in the various branches of science.

### GREAT OPPORTUNITIES NOW OPEN

Probably no other government in the world is conducting such varied scientific investigations as the United States. The Coast and Geodetic Survey and the Fish Commission are conducting work all over the world. The Department of Agriculture is probably the largest institution for original research in the world. Its work represents at two and one-half per cent a capital of nearly two hundred millions of dollars, engaged mainly in original research in zoology, botany, chemistry, forestry, entomology, and other subjects along agricultural lines, calling for the highest degree of scientific training in those lines and opening a large field for the training of young men. These researches and investigations are for the most part such as would not be prosecuted by private undertaking and could only be done by the government for the benefit of the entire people. The total annual appropriations for such purposes, including the maintenance of libraries and the conduct of various kinds of scientific work by the different departments of the government, amount to about thirty millions of dollars—the annual income at two and one-half per cent on twelve hundred millions of dollars, or probably more than the total endowment of all the universities of the world. Out of this work a number of men are annually graduated into positions in colleges and industrial enterprises throughout the country at much larger salaries than are paid by the government.

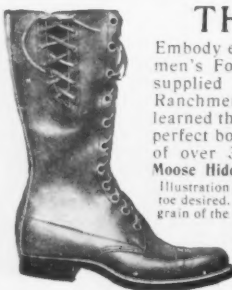
Among the educational advantages offered by the service may be mentioned also the night courses—scientific, literary, and professional—offered by the several universities in Washington, by means of which many young men while earning a livelihood in minor positions in the civil service supplement their previous educational training by courses of study which otherwise would be beyond their reach. In this way hundreds of persons in the civil service in Washington annually secure degrees in science, arts, medicine, and law.

### ADVANCEMENT BY MERIT

As logically incident to the evolution in the application of the merit system to the higher positions, the consular and diplomatic service will ultimately be placed upon the basis of merit. The opportunities for advancement in the several branches of the service, and for interchange between them, will be gradually increased; and an examination upon the general lines of the examination for department assistant in the Philippines service, already described, will afford opportunity for entrance upon a career in the civil service of the United States, leading to the highest positions.

President Roosevelt, recently writing about the eminent qualifications of Judge Taft for the difficult position of first Governor of the Philippines, and telling of the infinite labor, crushing responsibility, certainty of recurring disappointments and grinding wear and tear which such a task implies, said: "But he gladly undertook it; and he is to be considered thrice fortunate, for in this world the one thing supremely worth having is the opportunity, coupled with the capacity, to do well and worthily a piece of work the doing of which is of vital consequence to the welfare of mankind."

With such ideals and examples in the highest positions, invigorating and permeating as they will the entire service, and establishing the principle that merit and efficiency shall be the only test for appointment and retention in the public service, Federal offices, both high and low, will become, what they should be, a badge of honor.



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## The Kind of Soldier the Little Jap Is

IT IS EASY to fall into the error that the Japanese is only a play soldier without the body or backbone of the Occidental. Such was my own first impression when I saw a Japanese and a Russian transport disembarking troops at the same time at Tongku. The Japanese looked as if they had just come out of the barracks from parade. Their white breeches and leggings were spotless; their kits as shipshape as a vessel entering port after a long voyage. They marched off to the station with West Point precision; they boarded the train under the direction of their officers like so many automatons. There was no shouting, no misunderstanding of orders and consequent confusion; the officers gave their directions as quietly as if they were in a drawing room. But the Mikado's men were so small that they seemed only soldiers in miniature. One of the slouching Cossacks, in his dirty white shirt and dirty white cap and great clodding boots, looked big enough to pick up a Japanese private and shake him as a Great Dane would shake a toy spaniel.

The Russians were rough and ready, beefy and easy going; the Japanese businesslike—just a little too businesslike, I thought. Relying upon the wisdom of experience, European and American, I looked forward with interest to seeing the Japanese in the field. I could not escape the idea that, while they had all the form and outward show, they were only play soldiers who had followed European drill books to the letter.

"How long will your breeches be white, little men?" the American and the European wondered. "When it comes to the dust and the fighting, won't you be as bedraggled as a lawn gown in a rainstorm?"

Alas for the prophets! The Japs' breeches were still white when they reached Pekin, after having done most of the work. When other soldiers were too tired to wiggle as they sought the ground for a bed after a day's march, the Mikado's little man sat with his bare legs dangling in the water while he smilingly washed his breeches. We soon ceased to be ashamed of ourselves on account of his industry and to regard it as superhuman. At Pekin, as at Tongku, he was still the cheerful automaton working like clock work, with Fukushuma as the mainspring.

In human mechanics the Germans ill compared with an army which has changed from the bow to modern arms within the last fifty years. The implicit obedience of many to the will of one goes with a democracy in the Japanese army scarcely comprehensible to

the Western mind. I have seen a lieutenant cuff one of his men soundly on the ears while the man stood rigid with his little finger on the seam of his trousers. If he took the punishment meekly he also took it stiffly, in a military manner. He tried to hold his head erect and not to allow it to give under the blows. The lesson administered, he saluted and went about his work stiffly.

Yet the next day that same private night, when off duty, beg a cigarette of that same captain. Not only would the captain give it, but he would chat on friendly terms about their last victory with the private whom he had chastised. The same familiarity in any other kingdom or empire in the world, as a British officer said, would mean the end of discipline. In the Japanese army, however, the private in the matter of duty was still the automaton who moved or thought only when the officer pressed the button. The explanation lies entirely in the one word "Samurai." Both man and his superior belonged to the Samurai or fighting class, which regards itself as superior to all other classes, as the Spanish grandee to the Spanish beggar. Therein lay their community of pride and community of interest. Yet the private knew what his place was and what the officer's place was. Back of all is an unreasoning patriotism which makes the Mikado a god and love of country a religion.

The upper classes of Japan, when they found that the foreigners had better guns than they, adopted the foreigners' weapons for the defence of their own empire.

At Tien-tsin, after twenty-two out of fifty-four gunners were wounded and killed in action, the men of the Japanese battery went on as automatically with their work as before, as if the buzzing of bullets was only the buzzing of flies. At Tien-tsin, too, when the fuse to the mine which was to blow open the great gate of the walled city—thus admitting the allied army—failed, a Japanese private of engineers on his own initiative ran forward and lighted the powder itself. His remains were buried in the debris; but he had served the Mikado and made himself a hero in his native town. His mother, with every Japanese mother would rather—even as the Spartan mother—see her son return upon his shield than without it.

Such was the spirit and the method of the Japanese army as we saw it on the pattern work campaign to Pekin. What it might do in a mighty campaign against the Russians remains to be seen.

FREDERICK PALMER.

## Some Recent Patentable Novelties

THERE is a singular unanimity of inventive thought disclosed in the records of the Patent Office each week. A similarity in the inventions, or rather in the purposes of the devices, is a feature which strikes one, after recovering from the marvel of the prolific output of American ingenuity. There continues to be a remarkable desire to invent a non-refillable bottle. Other favorite inventions which have attracted the thought of patentees have been clothes-drying machines and mechanisms for stopping runaway horses. Some of the clothes-drying machines for which patents have been granted are elaborate affairs which are destined as a part of the equipment of laundries. Others are more modest in extent and consequently more serviceable for the ordinary household. They are arranged for connection with the gas stove or the steam pipe, and for the most part provide for the drying of clothing by the application of heat in one form or another. The means of stopping runaway horses are represented in a variety of patents which show the range of the faculty of invention.

Of the most interesting of the hundreds of inventions presented to the Patent Office each week are those which relate to the home and which lighten the labor of the housekeeper. One such is a combination baby carriage and cradle. The body of the carriage is detached from the carriage section, the rockers folding up under the body of the carriage when in place on the wheels.

Another useful article for the home is a water-bag for the head, invented by an Ohio woman. It is hood-shaped, and when in place fits about the scalp and forehead and over the ears. It is held in place by being tied under the chin and drawn together over the forehead. The filling-nozzle is at the top. A toilet article which should be successful is the invention of a Buffalo (N. Y.) man. It consists of a hairbrush with a comb pocket formed between the bristle-holder and the handle.

A device for the kitchen is invented by a Pennsylvania man, who furnishes a rapid means of trimming and marking pies. His specifications describe his invention as a "hand-operated device," so equipped with trimming flanges as to "form frictional surfaces to embrace and bind and pinch the crust between the edge thereof and said surface, whereby to sever the edge portion from

the body of the crust." There is also a perforating and marking device provided, the inventor says, "with a plurality of pointed prongs arranged to form a distinguishable character."

One of the interesting inventions has been patented by a Fostoria (Ohio) man, who calls his device a "baby-walker and table." To the central leg of a table is fitted an arm supporting a tray to which a belt is attached. The baby is fastened in this belt so as to stand against and be supported by the tray. The table leg is pivotal, and the baby is enabled to walk in a circle under the table. The device is supposed to promote the pedestrianism of infants with the least possible labor and responsibility on the part of the parent.

One of the curious inventions of the past few weeks has been a moving waiting-table. This is an elevated table mounted for rotation about a vertical axis so that it may be turned one way or the other and bring articles on the table within the convenient reach of a person sitting or standing at its side. The base of the table is provided with frames which may contain advertising display cards.

An invention of interest to photographers is a portable "dark room"—a tent arrangement so made as to exclude the light and permit the "dark room" work to be carried on at any place where a tent may be erected.

Inventors are still giving their attention to talking machines, to some of which they give new and odd names, but all of which employ the more or less usual means of reproducing speech. The approach of winter may have suggested the inventions, but the fact remains that every week sees patents granted for machines for removing snow. One of the most ingenious inventions is a cup-delivering attachment for public drinking places. The cups are held on a rotating axis which is operated by mechanism so as to bring the cups to an opening successively. A combined sponge-holder and soap-dish will probably yield its inventor a more adequate return than more extensive inventions. It is a light wire framework consisting of two receptacles shaped respectively so as to hold a large sponge and a piece of soap.

These are some of the more curious of a week's inventions, deemed original enough to be protected by the United States patent.

J. E. JENKS.





Yale Crew carrying Shell from Boathouse



Ready for the Signal to get into Shell

## Sports of the Amateur

Edited by WALTER CAMP

### PROMISING TRACK MEN



Capt. Hargrave, Yale Team

beat the Englishman and made a 105-yard record.

**HARVARD-YALE CONFERENCE** Harvard has appointed a committee, consisting of Professor Ira N. Hollis, James J. Storow and W. E. Ladd, while Yale has named R. G. Guernsey, Charles Gould and Walter Camp. These six gentlemen will meet to discuss an agreement for a term of years between the two universities, uniform rules of eligibility, and arbitration of disputed points, and to establish a satisfactory channel of communication between the two.

**ATHLETICS AS A FACTOR IN REGISTRATION** A great deal of very interesting discussion has been brought out by the reports of two universities, Harvard and Brown, on the question of the relation of athletic victories to registration. Dean Meiklejohn of Brown University is arrayed against President Eliot of Harvard in the eye of the public, as their reports differ widely in their views of the effect of athletic prominence, and especially the prominence that comes from victories, upon the immediate increase or decrease in attendance the following year.

It is only natural that the public should sum up President Eliot's report briefly as to the effect that athletics do not help colleges in adding to their numbers, and Dean Meiklejohn's as advancing the theory that they do. Now, if either of these gentlemen could hear or read some of the statements made, based on these reports of theirs, he would feel inclined, as many a president or professor has before him, to wonder if the person making the statement had ever seen the original report upon which the statement was based. As we were taught in the very rudiments of preparation for the study of social science, when generalizing upon cause and effect, a certain preparation in the way of clearing the mind from all bias is essential, and it is then further necessary to take into consideration all the factors which may go to produce a certain result. If Harvard or Brown should win a football match or a baseball game, and the attendance the following year at the winning college were largely increased, no one could say authoritatively that it was the result of this athletic victory until he had eliminated every other possible cause for that increase. The simplest example of a probable co-operating cause is the prosperity of a certain class of people. One university may draw more largely from a class that has been affected by a prosperous year than the others, and that cause, acting independently, may have fully as much influence as athletics. There may be a smallpox, pneumonia, or typhoid scare at one of the two universities, which, leaving its impression upon the minds of parents, may be, very likely, the following year, equally operative in decreasing the numbers. Unless, therefore, all the possible co-operating causes can be eliminated or accounted for, it is difficult to see how the question can ever be satisfactorily settled.

**YALE CREW AND NEW LAUNCH** The near advent of a new coaching launch at New Haven has cheered the spirits of the crew during the early part of March, and by the time this is in print will probably be an actuality. Captain Runzig is better off than Captain Guernsey of the ball nine, so far as material is concerned; for it looks to be a strong lot of men, and if power is all that is necessary, the waist of the Yale boat at least ought to present a pretty satisfactory appearance to Coach Cameron and the Yale body at large. One or two of the men, notably

Johnson, have grown very heavy during the winter, and some pounds must come off or the weight will be too much to carry; for over-weight crews have never been notably successful either at New Haven or Cambridge.

### HOCKEY

The Crescent Athletic Club team simply skated rings around the St. Nicholas Club seven on March 4 in the match at St. Nicholas Rink. Dobby scored 6 goals, Lifton 4, Wall 2, Kennedy 1. Ayres of St. Nicholas, by himself, saved a goal by stopping the puck when Dobby sent it at the net. St. Nicholas, on the other hand, was unable to get the puck even once into the Crescent goal during the forty minutes of play, the final score being: Crescent 13, St. Nicholas 0. Yale had no difficulty in defeating Columbia on March 6 by a score of 9 goals to 2. Yale scored first, Columbia quickly followed, Bradley sending the puck into the net. At the end of the first half Yale had scored three more times. In the second half Yale ran up 5 more goals to Columbia's 1. The Columbia players were unsteady on their skates and no match for the visitors.

**LEMOYNE AT BOSTON SPORT SHOW** Harry Lemoyne at the Boston Sport Show broke the American record of 36 seconds and the world's record of 35½ seconds for swimming 60 yards by accomplishing it in 35½ seconds. This excellent swimmer went still further when, on March 6, he established a new record for the 120-yard, doing it in 1 minute 20½; the old supplanted record being 1 minute 23 seconds.

### RACQUETS

The Philadelphians won the National Championship in doubles at racquets when Brooke and David defeated the New Yorkers, Mackay and Waterbury. In fact, that match was of greater interest than the real final in which the pair defeated their townsmen, Eiting and McFadden. Brooke and his partner completely outplayed their opponents, taking four straight sets, 60 games to 20.

### OPENING OF GOLF SEASON

With the disappearance of the snow golfing interest comes on with a rush. With the place and date of the annual National Championship settled, the State Championships are being fixed as accommodatingly as possible. The one that seems the most likely to be troubled by the National will be the Connecticut State tournament from July 7 to 12, unless this date is changed. It is a matter of considerable interest to golfers because Charles H. Seeley, the Connecticut State champion, is one of the very promising men and on several occasions has shown a possible national championship form. Some believed that he reached the top of his game last season, but if not, and should he develop in his short game, he is certain to be labelled "dangerous."

The secretary of the State tournament, Francis R. Cooley, though probably not a candidate for championship honors, showed some very high-class golf last year, particularly in the Stockbridge tournament, and his friends should see that he enters the National event. He is a first-class match player. As it at present stands, for any one playing in the finals of the Connecticut State tournament, which will probably be concluded by Friday, July 11, a hurried trip to Chicago will be necessary to be on hand for the Glenview tournament, which begins on Monday morning.

The other events thus far fixed outside of the Connecticut



C. H. Seeley



F. R. Cooley

State and the National and amateur championships are two open tournaments at Garden City, one between April 10 and 12, and the other October 10 and 11; the annual Intercollegiate Championship at Garden City, May 6 to 10; the Metropolitan League at Tuxedo, May 28 to 31; the New Jersey State Championship at Montclair, June 2 to 7; and the Woman's Championship at Brookline, September 29 to October 4.

### GEORGETOWN BASEBALL

There is a ball nine down in Georgetown which always makes it interesting for, and generally defeats, the college nines of the North. They always make good ball players at Georgetown. The very air of the nine in handling the ball in practice and the way they wield the bat are convincing proofs of their skill.

This year, Suter, a former '99 man at Princeton, is coaching the nine, and has laid out a general plan of work. The baseball squad, consisting of some thirty candidates, appeared at the call of Captain Moran the first of the month. It is rather a singular fact that there is a surplus of candidates for the battery position and rather a shortage of outfielders. However, that is a thing which adjusts itself, as Georgetown generally gets some men in the outfield who can bat, no matter what position they originally start out with the intention of filling.

Georgetown this year will play the usual Easter series with Yale, Princeton, Pennsylvania and Cornell, and opens up her season on the 19th with a game with Maryland Agricultural College, and the following Saturday plays Lafayette.

Blewett and Fay are the two pitchers who will probably be the most relied upon if their arms keep in condition. Cox will also be used, and perhaps some of the new material, Mavrant, McKay, Byrnes and Seitz. As back-stops, Drill and Hart will probably fill the places, with Drake, and possibly O'Donnell, as substitutes.

For infield there remain Dowling, O'Hara, Moran and Apperious, while the remaining new men are Dissell, Collins, McKiernan and Henratty. For outfield, Holden and Apperious are the only men left, but it will not be difficult to get out some good men when there is an opportunity to tell how their batting is coming on.

### CAPTAIN GUERNSEY

At New Haven, it is generally felt that more confidence is placed in Guernsey, this year's captain, than in any man for some seasons in Yale's baseball interests. A good man himself, he is known as a strict disciplinarian and a man who will only be satisfied with the highest quality that is to be obtained from his material. He has a very difficult proposition before him, but no more difficult than those which have at times been solved at Yale and other universities; for college baseball is yet one of those sports which cannot be reduced to mathematical precision, but in which much depends upon the *esprit* of the players and their unanimity. The problem that confronts Captain Guernsey most seriously is to put forward a nine which can individually and collectively bat, and particularly that can bat Clarkson, the Harvard pitcher.

**PRINCETON BASEBALL** At Princeton the outlook is most encouraging, as there is practically only one place left to be filled on the nine. Clark is coaching the men, and will keep with them through the Southern trip until after the Easter vacation, when Hildebrand will take charge for the rest of the season. Underhill can be relied upon and will undoubtedly be the mainstay in the pitcher's box. Stevens is a good substitute, and will help out Underhill materially. Green will be behind the bat, as usual. Hutchinson is gone from third, but Rheinhardt did well there last year, and Langdon might also go out after the position. Captain Steinwender and Pierson will play second and first respectively, and the outfield will probably be covered by Brown, Cosgrave and Davis, which ought to be a very strong aggregation.

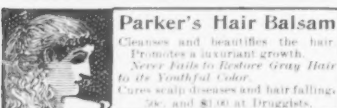
WALTER CAMP.



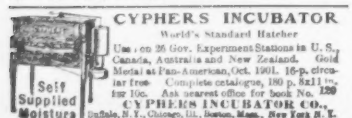
Captain Guernsey, Yale Baseball Team



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## The Science of Naming Racehorses

By Wilfred P. Pond

ONE of the curious and interesting things surrounding the breeding of horses and their running or trotting is the christening! It may seem a slight matter to name a horse, but in reality, except in a very few instances, happily growing more scarce every day, the choosing of a name appropriate and according to accepted canons is really a work of fine art, upon which is bestowed much thought and labor. It is generally held among the more advanced type of horsemen in all countries that the name should, to a certain extent, tell the parentage of the animal; that as a man names his son "John Smith," after himself and his grandfather, so also should the high-grade horse be named, that those familiar with him may catch a swift hint as to where he belongs and what great family of equine aristocrats counts him in on the golden roll.

There once was a man named Murphy who christened his horse Pot 8 os, and when asked the meaning of this extraordinary cognomen, said he wished to keep the owner's name before the public. Perhaps it is as well to state that "murphy" is the pet name for the Irish potato in Europe.

### THE LORILLARD AND BELMONT HORSES

While fiction, history and politics, historic events, saints, mythological deities, etc., have all been taxed their quota in this direction, these are not the names selected by the careful breeder unless there is something further than the mere securing of a name in such a choice. For instance, the late Pierre Lorillard was one of the first to give really pertinent attention to the naming of his famed Raceoas yearlings and two-year-olds. He set his friends to work evolving names, and was deluged with suggestions until at last he decided for himself and introduced his now famous Indian names as typical of American thoroughbreds, such as the famed Troquois—the only American-bred horse to ever win the great English Derby, and following him were Sachem, Powhattan, Locolatchee, and many others, the irrepressible "Larry" Jerome suggesting "Scar-faced Charlie" as a cognomen for a horse with a very forbidding cast of countenance.

Both the late and the present August Belmont have taken great pride in breeding and naming their horses, and the present owner has been especially happy in many instances. The Magnet mare had foals called Magnetizer and Magnet; Hastings is a Spendthrift colt, Amicitia is a daughter of Fides, and Masterman is a son of Hastings.

The Morris family colts, it is claimed, are named by Mrs. Morris, who for years has made a labor of love of this art. Some of her names were Reckon, the offspring of Perhaps, whose colt was last year christened Compute; the Medusa colt was named Serpent, the Holiday colt Doce far-Niente, and the Vacation colt Saturday.

The late D. D. Withers was an enthusiast along these lines, but had a trick of not naming his colts and fillies until late in their career, thus precipitating endless trouble on turf followers when the change was made. He objected to giving a poor animal a high-sounding name, and so, when the kinglike Fan Fan colt proved a good one he was christened Monarchial.

### JACK OF HEARTS AND ORIFLAMME

The queerly named Jack of Hearts—and a very good horse he was—received his name by a chance game at poker which his owner, Lucien O. Appleby, was engaged in soon after he bought the horse from August Belmont. The animal was an awkward-looking colt; Appleby had never owned a blooded horse previously, and was very difficult to please, so that he was cogitating in and out of season on the name for this wonderful horse. One night, in a rather stiff game, a jackpot came along, was opened, and all went in but Appleby, who hesitated, holding the seven, eight, nine, ten of hearts and the deuce of spades. Finally he went in also, discarding his deuce, drawing the jack of hearts and winning a big pot. "That settles it!" he cried. "I will call that colt Jack of Hearts."

A similar superstition is told of the horse Oriflamme, belonging to the Belmont stable. Trainer Rowe did not like the name and continually threatened to change it. Finally he definitely decided he would do so, when along came Captain S. S. Brown, the Pittsburgh millionaire, owner of Senatoria and many other good horses of past days. Rowe told him of a dream he had—of a race with a single horse in front, winning easily, while in the cloud of smoke, mingled with fire, which poured out of his nostrils the other horses were hidden; but he could hear their hoofbeats. He wanted to know what name this betokened he should give the horse. Brown persuaded him to let the old name stand, and to back the horse for a heavy wager; and Oriflamme won at good odds and has retained his name unchanged.

Possibly the most curious piece of nomenclature was that of a well-known Brooklyn

man who named his stable after his city, his street and the numbers of his house. Two or three of them were very good horses, and won many races. Finally he sued his wife for divorce, and rechristened one of his horses after the co-respondent, "False Ahrens," under which name the horse ran for years.

Some years ago a horse named Charlemagne was offered for sale. The auctioneer could not pronounce the name, and asked his assistant, who eventually rendered it "Charley Magoney," and under that name the horse was sold, and was only rescued from such ignominy by the new owner investigating for himself. He ran several times as "Charley Magoney" before it was set right.

### LUCKY BALDWIN'S "SLOPE PONIES"

Lucky Baldwin gave all his horses California names, such as Los Angeles, San Diego, etc. Strychnine was a steeplechaser, and generally lost, so was considered "poison" to those who backed him to win. This horse had stringhalt, which gave him a jerky action when moving. When his jockey, little Verplanck, was asked why the horse was not treated for the trouble, he said, "Guess de massa tink it helps him over de jumps."

Ambulance was the daughter of Black Maria. Applause is the son of Three Cheers. The child of Bullion and Alumina is Amalgam. Tournament was by Sir Modred out of Guinevere; the Quindary colt was renamed Uncertainty; the daughter of Kiss Me Quick was Two Lips; and King Ban's family ran Banbury, Ban Cloche, Bandbox, and Bandana. Strathmeath is by Strathmore out of Flower of the Meath, and Spendthrift, a magnificent animal who was sent to England sound in wind and limb and came back a "roarer" of the worst kind, has sons called Defaulter, Bankrupt, Profligate, Spendall, and Squander.

Some of the names hit right home, as Waif by Bachelor, daughter of Society Girl; Tatler by Tom Ochiltree; Sam Jones by Black Nick, dam Unkind; Knot Init—a horse, which, in 1892, won but two races in forty-three starts; and Even Weight by Equipose. Possibly the finest pieces of nomenclature in late years were Warwick by Kingmaker, and John Lackland by Runnymede.

A rather curious item was when Edward Tipton was travelling to the Pacific Coast with the famous mare American Beauty. The horse cars were hitched to an express train—a most unusual thing—and going at that terrific speed the mare gave birth to a foal, which immediately adapted itself to its new surroundings and did well. Arriving at the late Marcus Daly's place at Bitter Root, it was promptly called Montana Beauty, but, as this name had been registered previously, the name was changed to Ontrain.

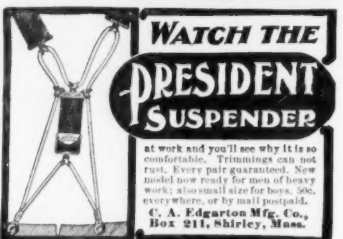
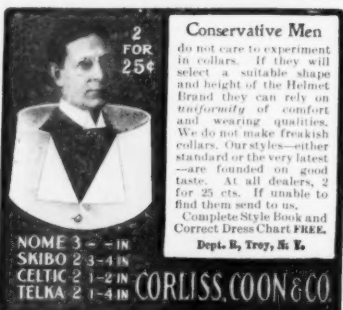
### SOME UNFORTUNATE EQUINES

Some names have been simply awful. One of these was the Cryptoconchoidphylostigmata of Charles Collette, named after a play he starred in about that period. The book-makers promptly named this horse "Cripples," as two seasons ago they twisted Huizilopochtli of the Morris into "Hot Bottles." When this horse won it was expected that there would be fun with Announcer Adler when his stentorian voice shouted it into the ring. Jack was wise in his generation, and when the horse nearly ran into the money one day he became nervous, and applied to a well-known erudite newspaper man for the correct pronunciation. He then wrote it down as it sounded to him, and when the horse did win he called it without a hitch, amid roars of laughter.

One of the humors of the turf is enshrined around a mare aptly named Devotee by Royster out of Bon Dame. The filly changed hands a number of times, and was eventually entered in a maiden race, which she won easily. Some weeks later the secretary of the club was surprised to receive the stakes back with a letter from her owner stating that the money was not rightfully his, for he had, since the race, discovered that the mare had given birth to a foal the year previous and therefore was not eligible for entry in a "maiden race." Devotee? Certainly! (A maiden race means a race for non-winners.)

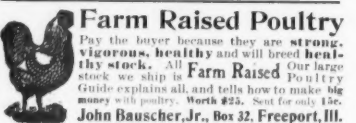
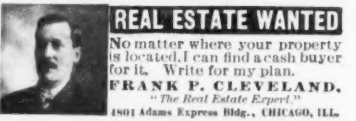
### A CROSS-GRAINED RACER

Years ago there was a horse named Gabriel, which name was all there was angelic about him. He was one of the most "cussed" brutes ever led out to race. He was never known to "face the starter." He faced any way but the direction he was expected to run in, and delayed matters until he was allowed to have his own way; that was to stand with his tail toward the distant goal. When the flag fell he would whirl around, and, if he did not send the jockey out of the saddle as though thrown from a catapult, he frequently won. It used to be said that, as he passed the ring on parade, he looked at the bookmakers' slates to see if the odds were as he liked them, and that on this depended whether he won or not. The last time I heard of him he was South, among



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The Five-Cent packet is enough for an ordinary occasion. The family bottle, 60 cents, contains a supply for a year.



**New Hotel at Virginia Hot Springs.**  
On March 10 the New Homestead will open for the reception of guests. Built of brick, on strictly modern lines, when fully completed it will nowhere be surpassed as a resort hotel. Hotel Virginia and cottages now open. Finest bathing establishment in America. Compartment sleeper from New York via Washington and Chesapeake and Ohio railway.



## For Singers and Speakers

The New Remedy for Catarrh is Very Valuable.

A Grand Rapids gentleman who represents a prominent manufacturing concern and travels through central and southern Michigan, relates the following regarding the new catarrh cure, he says:

"After suffering from catarrh of the head, throat and stomach for several years, I heard of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets quite accidentally and like everything else I immediately bought a package and was decidedly surprised at the immediate relief it afforded me and still more to find a complete cure after several weeks' use.



"I have a little son who sings in a boy's choir in one of our prominent churches, and he is greatly troubled with hoarseness and throat weakness, and on my return home from a trip I gave him a few of the tablets one Sunday morning when he had complained of hoarseness. He was delighted with their effect, removing all larkness in a few minutes and making the voice clear and strong.

"As the tablets are very pleasant to the taste, I had no difficulty in persuading him to use them regularly.

"Our family physician told us they were an antiseptic preparation of undoubted merit and that he himself had no hesitation in using and recommending Stuart's Catarrh Tablets for any form of catarrh.

"I have since met many public speakers and professional singers who used them constantly. A prominent Detroit lawyer told me that Stuart's Catarrh Tablets kept his throat in fine shape during the most trying weather, and that he had long since discarded the use of cheap lozenges and troches on the advice of his physician that they contained so much toxic, potash and opium as to render their use a danger to health."

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are large pleasant tasting lozenges composed of cathartic antiseptics, like Red Gum, Blood Root, etc., and sold by druggists everywhere at 50 cents for full treatment.

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A little book on treatment of catarrh mailed free by addressing F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich.

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the sagebrush and swatop contingent, and had been taught the trick of pulling up very lame when his neck was tapped with a whip, which was a very useful trick at a three days' meeting. The third day he would be started again, be discriminated against because of his previous lameness, and then win in a walk.

## A Dutchman's Millions

Three hundred claimants brought to light for \$40,000,000 and still they come! The heirs or would-be heirs ranged in court 190 strong!

THE STORY of the Van der Hulst millions has been told in this paper (February 1), and the matter has entered another phase. It will be remembered that some \$40,000,000 were left by one named Pieter Tyler Van der Hulst, who died childless a century ago. By the provisions of the will under which he inherited the fortune it was decreed that, in the event of the said Pieter dying without leaving a direct heir, the fortune was to remain intact for a century and then divided among the then existing next-of-kin. Thanks to the publicity which has been given to the matter in the press of the Netherlands and elsewhere, the number of claimants at the time of writing is something over two hundred. On February 11 of this year some of the claimants instituted proceedings against the trustees of the fund, and published a notice calling up the claimants; the result was astonishing. Long before ten o'clock on the morning that the case was to be heard the would-be heirs began to arrive in shoals.

The claimants were drawn from all sorts and conditions of men. There were both young and old; gentlemen in top hats, farmers and laboring people in clogs and slouch caps, townspeople, shopkeepers and assistants, and a miscellaneous collection defying description.

The officials at the court at Haarlem (Netherlands) ranged them in rows of nineteen each, and there were ten such rows, making a squad of one hundred and ninety. But this by no means represents the full number, as many could not or would not put in an appearance at the present stage.

For the present the heirs have been disposed of, although they have not yet got the money. It seems that some technical flaw existed in the summons issued against the trustees, and as a consequence the matter could not proceed; but that will soon be amended and then the legal fight will begin.

## Oom Paul's Latest Will

THE MEMBERS of Mr. Kriger's family have so decreased in number since the commencement of the war that the provisions of the will he made when residing at Pretoria have been rendered comparatively useless. Many of those to whom "Oom" had arranged to leave small little sums are no longer to be counted among the living; many of the safe little investments he had made in the Transvaal, and which the old man liked to reckon upon his fingers, are now not much more than terms of speech. So the will had to be altered, and when the old man knows a thing has to be done he is the one to see that it is done. Quite recently a new will has been made by the ex-President, and rumor states that one of the provisions stipulates that a certain sum shall be set aside to be used in providing a lasting token of his gratitude to the young Dutch Queen for the assistance she rendered him by placing the warship *Gelderland* at his disposal when he was fleeing to Europe.

The token will probably be a fountain, as Oom Paul thinks that symbolical of the hope for freedom from British rule, which hope springs eternal in the Boer breast.

## FOOD

### A BUSY WORKER

Coffee Touches Up Different Spots.

Frequently coffee sets up rheumatism when it is not busy with some other part of the body. A St. Joe, Mo., man, P. V. Wise, says: "About two years ago my knees began to stiffen and my feet and legs swell, so that I was scarcely able to walk, and then only with the greatest difficulty, for I was in constant pain.

I consulted Dr. Barnes, one of the most prominent physicians here, and he diagnosed the case and inquired, 'Do you drink coffee?' 'Yes,' 'You must quit using it at once,' he replied. I did so and commenced drinking Postum in its place.

The swelling in my feet and ankles and the rheumatic pains subsided quickly, and during the past 18 months I have enjoyed most excellent health, and although I have passed the 68th mile post I have never enjoyed life better.

Good health brings heaven to us here. I know of many cases where wonderful cures of stomach and heart trouble have been made by simply throwing away coffee and using Postum."

**Stops the Cough and works off the Cold.**

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.—Ade.

## ONLY A NAME

No Money is Wanted

Please show this to some person who needs one of these books. Ask him to send me his name.

I will mail the book, and with it an order on your nearest druggist for six bottles Dr. Shoop's Restorative. I will tell the druggist to let the sick one take it for a month. If satisfied then, pay \$5.50. If not, I will pay the druggist myself.

I mean that exactly. I do not always succeed, for sometimes there is a cause, like cancer, which medicine cannot cure. But most of these diseases result from weakened inside nerves; those nerves which alone make every vital organ do its duty. I have spent a lifetime in learning how to strengthen them; my Restorative always does that. I have furnished it to 555,000 people on terms like the above, and 39 out of each 40 have paid for it—paid because they were cured.

There are 39 chances in 40 that I can cure you or your friend. I will pay all the cost if I don't. Won't you tell this to some sick person who wants to be well?

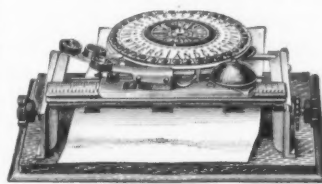
Simply state which book you want, and address Dr. Shoop, Box 521, Racine, Wis.

Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured by one or two bottles. At all druggists.

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Book No. 2 on the Heart  
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Book No. 4 for Women  
Book No. 5 for Men (sealed)  
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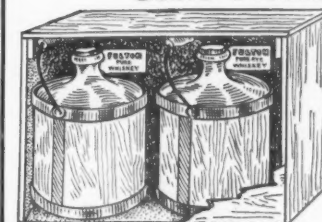
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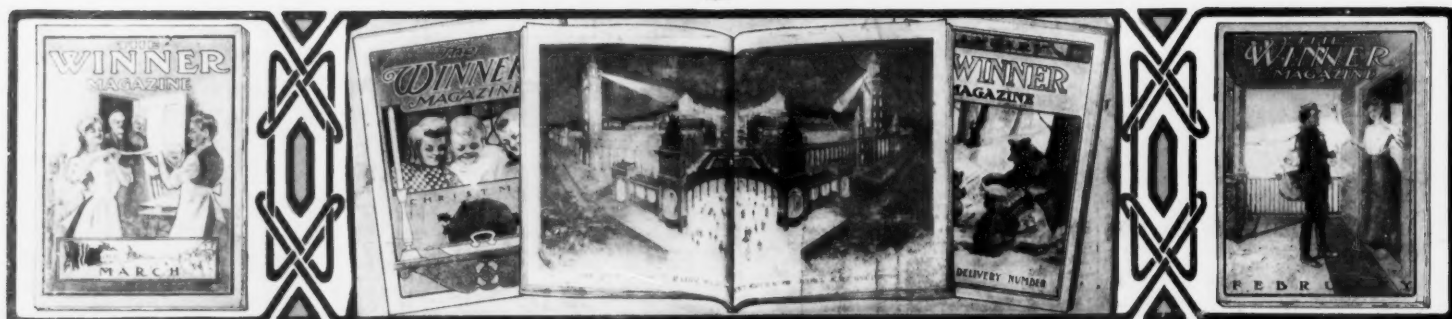
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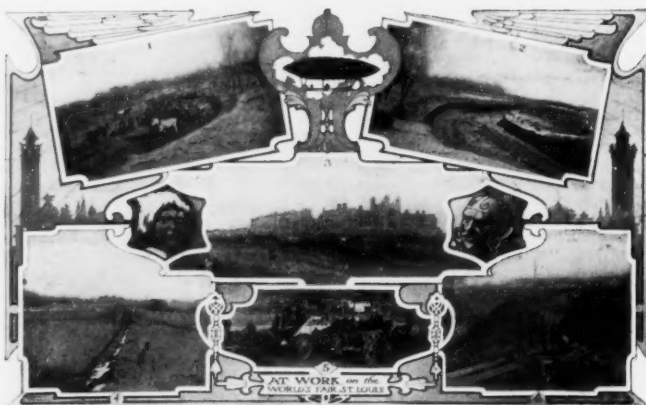
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